This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

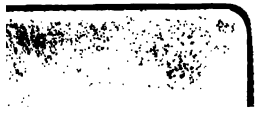
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600078940Y



BEATRICE TYLDESLEY.

BEATRICE TYLDESLEY.

BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH,

AUTHOR OF

"TOWER OF LONDON," "MANCHESTER REBELS," "PRESTON FIGHT,"
"LEAGUER OF LATHOM," &c. &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.
1878.

[*Right of Translation reserved by the Author.*]

251. e. 542.

TO

WILLIAM BEAMONT, ESQ.

To you, sir, the accomplished editor of the "Jacobite Trials at Manchester in 1694," this Tale ought to be inscribed, since the author is largely indebted to you.

And in gracing my Story with your name, I desire to express my admiration of the manner in which your own task has been performed.

No curious historical document was ever more carefully and judiciously edited, or more attractively placed before the reader, than your "Manchester Jacobite Trials."

By this masterly contribution to the publications of the *Chetham Society*, as well as by another of quite equal merit—namely, the account of "Warrington in

1465, from a contemporary Rent-Roll in the Legh Family," not to mention the other valuable works that have succeeded them—you have proved yourself a worthy member of that famous band of Historical and Literary Fellow-workers, to which once belonged DR. HIBBERT WARE, and CANON PARKINSON, and to which I rejoice to say still belong my friends, the profound antiquarian, and unequalled genealogist, CANON RAINES, and the learned President of your Society, MR. CROSSLEY.

To take rank with such men is no slight distinction.

With much respect, and a strong sense of obligation,

I remain,

Your faithful servant,

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

LITTLE ROCKLEY, HURSTPIERPOINT.
April 16, 1878.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

INTRODUCTION.—MYERSCOUGH LODGE.

I.

PAGE

How two Secret Agents of King James the Second landed from a Pink at Cockerham, and were pursued by Custom House Officers . 3

II.

Colonel Tyldesley and his Cousin Beatrice . . 17

III.

How the Custom House Officers were detained by Colonel Tyldesley 32

IV.

Walter Crosby and Doctor Bromfield, the Quaker 42

V.

The Blank Commissions 52

VI.

Converse in the Garden 61

VII.

PAGE

SIR JOHN AND LADY MARY FENWICK 68

VIII.

A CONFERENCE 79

IX.

IN WHICH MANY UNEXPECTED VISITORS ARRIVE AT MYERSCOUGH 91

X.

CAPTAIN BRIDGES AND HIS DUTCH DRAGOONS . . 98

XI.

BEATRICE REFUSES TO PLIGHT HER FAITH TO WALTER . 105

XII.

CAPTAIN BRIDGES ARRIVES AT THE LODGE . . . 117

XIII.

CAPTAIN BRIDGES IS OUTWITTED BY HORNBY . . 124

BOOK THE FIRST.—THE COURT OF SAINT-GERMAIN.

I.

MARY OF MODENA 133

II.

JAMES THE SECOND 140

III.

PAGE

KING JAMES REFUSES TO SANCTION THE PLAN PROPOSED BY CAPTAIN CROSBY 155

IV.

HENDRIK VANDAALEN 163

V.

VANDAALEN IS INTERROGATED BY KING JAMES . . 170

VI.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH 177

VII.

MADAME DE MAINTENON 182

VIII.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE TWO MONARCHS . . 188

IX.

WALTER EXHIBITS GROUNDLESS JEALOUSY . . . 199

X.

THE FOREST OF SAINT-GERMAIN 204

XI.

THE DUEL 214

XII.

ON WHAT MISSION LUNT CAME TO SAINT-GERMAIN . 229

XIII.

BEATRICE IS SUMMONED HOME 241

XIV.

PAGE

DIEPPE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY . . . 253

BOOK THE SECOND.—KENSINGTON PALACE.

I.

BEATRICE RETURNS TO MYERSCOUGH LODGE . . 261

II.

WALTER URGES COLONEL TYLDESLEY TO PREPARE FOR DEFENCE 274

BEATRICE TYLDESLEY.

Introduction.

MYERSCOUGH LODGE.

I.

HOW TWO SECRET AGENTS OF KING JAMES THE SECOND LANDED FROM A PINK AT COCKERHAM, AND WERE PURSUED BY CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS.

On Thursday, 13th June, 1689, shortly before daybreak, a small, heavy, narrow-sterned vessel, called a pink, anchored in the mouth of the Lune, near Cockerham, and immediately afterwards, the cockboat being let down, two passengers were put hastily ashore at the Crook, on the south side of the river and close to the harbour.

Both these persons had something of a military air and garb, and had with them

two cases of pistols, a couple of swords, and a small hair portmanteau.

Just as one of them was getting out of the boat, he recollected—or pretended to recollect—that he had left his saddle-bags behind, and wanted to go back for them, but his companion dissuaded him from the design, saying the Custom House officers would be certain to board the pink as soon as they descried her, and would infallibly arrest him.

That this caution may be understood, it will be needful to state that early in the same year, the ex-King James II., assisted by Louis XIV., had landed at Kinsale, in Ireland, and had subsequently made a public entry into Dublin, where he was enthusiastically received. He soon afterwards found himself at the head of a large army, and was now engaged in besieging Londonderry.

As secret agents were continually coming

over from Dublin and other ports, to excite a rising of the Jacobite gentlemen in Lancashire and the northern counties, every effort was made to check their treasonable designs, but not always with success.

From the manner in which the persons in question had just landed, and at that early hour, it was natural to conclude they were Jacobite agents. And such, in reality, was the case.

They did not, however, seem to apprehend pursuit, since the individual who had forgotten his saddle-bags asked the sailors to bring them to him at the little inn at Cockerham, kept by Tom Twiston, where he meant to breakfast.

The sailors had not long got back, when two Custom House officers, named Leyland and Holt, came on board the pink.

On questioning the master, Charles Cawson, as to his lading, they were informed

that he had nothing except a ton and a half of iron pots, half a ton of iron bars, and nine barrels of beef; but he owned he had brought over from Dublin two passengers, who had just landed.

"Why were they in such haste?" demanded Leyland, suspiciously. "It was your business, as you very well know, to detain them till our arrival."

"They insisted on going ashore, sir, and I couldn't prevent them," replied Cawson.

"That won't pass with us!" cried Holt, gruffly. "Had they any luggage with them?"

"Not much, sir," said Cawson. "And they have left a pair of saddle-bags behind."

"Saddle-bags! Ah, indeed! Where are they?"

"In the hold, sir," answered Cawson.

"Of course you know the names of the

men, and are acquainted with their business?" demanded Leyland.

"As to their business, I can say nothing," replied Cawson; "but I can give you their names. One is called Threlfall, and the other Lunt—the latter, I believe, is an Irishman. Both, as I have just stated, come from Dublin."

"This seems very suspicious," observed Holt. "But let us look at the bags."

Attended by the master, both officers then went down into the hold, where they soon found the saddle-bags, and on opening them, discovered that they contained papers of a very compromising character—blank commissions from King James, lists of Roman Catholic gentlemen residing in Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, and Durham, together with orders to these gentlemen to raise troops, take the command of the militia, and be ready to rise

when a signal should be given—proving that an insurrection in the northern counties was imminent.

The two officers stared at each other in astonishment, scarcely conceiving it possible that papers of such importance could have been accidentally left behind.

"Now, Master Cawson," cried Holt, "what have you to say to this? Can you deny that you are engaged in a Jacobite plot? These two conspirators—Threlfall and Lunt—whom you have brought over from Dublin, will certainly be hanged as traitors if they are captured—as they are sure to be—and it is equally certain you will be hanged at the same time for aiding them."

"Lord bless me! I hope not," exclaimed Cawson, who had been looking on anxiously while the bags were examined. "I have

nothing to do with insurrections either here or in Ireland. I am a loyal subject of their majesties King William and Queen Mary. I know nothing about these men; but I ought to speak well of them, since they gave me ten pounds for their passage, brought their own provisions and wine with them, and behaved very liberally to the crew. But they wouldn't allow any other passengers to accompany them."

"And didn't that circumstance arouse your suspicions?" remarked Leyland.

"As they paid well, I asked no questions; but if I had suspected they were secret agents of King James, and trying to get up an insurrection to restore him to the throne, I would certainly have delivered them up."

"That was just what you ought to have done, Master Cawson," said Leyland. "But

since you have neglected your duty, you must take the consequences. You will be treated as an accomplice."

"What can I do to clear myself?" cried Cawson.

"Come ashore with us, and help to effect their capture," said Holt. "If we take them, no blame will be attached to you."

"On that understanding, I'm quite willing to go with you," replied the master of the pink.

A boat was waiting for the officers, and into it all three now got, taking the saddle-bags with them.

On landing, the whole party, including the boatmen, who were armed, like the officers, with pistols and cutlasses, made all haste to the little inn, where they fully expected to find the Jacobite agents.

It had now become light, and as they drew near the hostel, which likewise served

as a post-house, they saw Tom Twiston, the landlord, standing near the open stable-door.

In reply to their inquiries, he told them the two gentlemen they were looking after had been there about half an hour before, and had hired horses to go to Garstang.

"Zounds, Tom!" cried Holt. "You didn't let them have horses?"

"Marry, but I did," replied Twiston. "I sent the postboy with them, so it's all right."

"You are mistaken, Tom," said Holt. "It's all wrong. You've got yourself into a serious scrape. These men are secret agents of the Jacobites."

"How the deuce was I to know that?" rejoined Twiston. "I took them for officers of the militia."

"I tell you they are traitors, who are

trying to get up an insurrection," said Holt. "Had they any luggage with them?"

"I scarcely recollect," said Twiston, evasively. "Oh, yes; they had a small hair portmanteau, which they gave the postboy to carry."

"And you are quite sure they are gone to Garstang?"

"Well, I can't be quite sure, sir," replied Twiston. "They set off in that direction—that's all I know. Your best plan will be to follow them and see."

"Ay, they sha'n't give us the slip," cried Leyland. "We'll soon be on their track. Go fetch our horses," he added to his men; "and try if you can procure a hackney for Master Cawson."

"If they fail, I can let him have one," said Twiston. "Pray come in, gentlemen. A glass of usquebaugh will keep the cold out of the stomach."

Neither the Custom House officers nor the master of the pink objected, and as they entered the inn parlour, the landlord set a flask of usquebaugh and some small glasses before them.

The glasses had been filled and emptied, when the horses were brought to the door, and the trio, who were now in much better humour, immediately mounted and started in pursuit.

Tom Twiston offered to take care of the important saddle-bags until their return; but they declined to leave them with him.

A wide and dangerous moss lying between them and Garstang compelled them to make a slight detour, and on arriving at the little town, which stands on the right bank of the Wyre, they could hear nothing of any other horsemen, and it seemed certain that the Jacobite agents had not stopped at Garstang. However, they might have

crossed a bridge higher up the river, and thither the officers hurried.

Again they were at fault.

No information whatever could be obtained at the bridge. The fugitives might have gone to Saint Michael's, or even to Preston; but it seemed most likely they had taken refuge at Myerscough Lodge, the residence of Colonel Tyldesley, a Papist and a Jacobite, who would assuredly give them shelter.

After some consideration, the officers decided on proceeding to Myerscough, and galloping on, soon came in sight of the fine old hall, embosomed in a grove of ancient trees.

On arriving at the entrance of the park, they found the gates shut, and the gatekeeper, who wore the Tyldesley livery, refused to admit them, saying no one could go to the Lodge at that early hour.

"Are you sure no one has gone there already?" inquired Leyland, in an incredulous tone.

"Not through these gates," replied the keeper.

"You know you are lying, rascal!" cried Holt, angrily. "But we are not to be trifled with. You are well aware we are officers, and we have come to Myerscough in the execution of our duty. Refuse us admittance at your peril!"

"I daren't open the gates without Colonel Tyldesley's permission," rejoined the keeper, sturdily.

"But we insist on entering!" cried both officers.

"Well, gentlemen, if you will wait here a few minutes," said the keeper, "I'll run to the house. But I needn't take the trouble," he added, "for here comes the colonel and his cousin, Miss Tyldesley."

As he spoke, a handsome gentleman in the very prime of manhood, and a lovely girl, of some seventeen or eighteen, attended by a couple of grooms in the same livery as the keeper, were seen riding along the narrow road leading to the gates.

Though Colonel Tyldesley must have seen the party outside, he did not deem it necessary to quicken his pace.

II.

COLONEL TYLDESLEY AND HIS COUSIN BEATRICE.

COLONEL TYLDESLEY, grandson of the illustrious Sir Thomas Tyldesley, who fought so valiantly in the Civil Wars, and was slain at the fight of Wigan Lane, was about thirty-two. He was married to a young and beautiful wife, by whom he had no family, and whom he was destined soon to lose.

Mrs. Tyldesley was then staying with her uncle at Preston, and the colonel and his cousin were now going to bring her back.

Tall and strongly built, Colonel Tyldesley looked remarkably well on horseback, especially when mounted on the powerful hunter that now bore him, and seemed to make nothing of his weight. His scarlet coat embroidered with gold lace, was angular in shape, with a row of buttons down the entire front, and had very long skirts and very large cuffs. His waistcoat, which was of the same hue as the coat, and similarly embroidered, descended to the knees, where it was met by a huge pair of jack-boots.

The colonel's costume was completed by a flowing peruke of light brown hair, a long muslin neckcloth, and a broad-leaved white hat, turned up at the side, and encircled by ostrich feathers. He carried a heavy riding-whip, though his strong bay steed looked full of spirit, and needed neither whip nor spur.

Colonel Tyldesley had handsome, well-marked features, and the frank and hearty manner characteristic of a country squire.

Beatrice Tyldesley formed a striking contrast to her burly cousin. Her slight, graceful figure was seen to the greatest advantage in a riding-habit of blue camlet, laced with silver, and the small velvet hat that crowned her raven tresses was adorned with a single white plume.

Beatrice was a brunette, with magnificent black eyes, fringed by long eyelashes. Her features were delicately formed, and her teeth like pearls.

"What do you mean to do with these men, cousin?" she inquired, as they came along.

"Send them about their business, if they will go," he rejoined.

"But suppose they won't go, what then?"

"Why, then I must take them into the

house, and get rid of them in some other way. I am not uneasy. They will make no discoveries. Father Johnson will take care of our visitors."

"But the post-horses may be found in the stables. They could not come without riders. How can that circumstance be accounted for?"

"The post-horses are gone. It was merely to gain time that I caused the Custom House officers to be detained."

"Well, I can't help laughing, though perhaps I ought to be serious; but it's a very droll affair altogether."

"It will be no laughing matter to the secret agents if they are caught," observed the colonel.

"But you say they are not likely to be caught?"

"Nor are they, for Father Johnson will

not allow them to commit any indiscretion. But let us go on."

A moment or two afterwards, Colonel Tyldesley called out to the keeper to open the gates.

This was no sooner done than the officers entered, followed by Cawson, and a little parley ensued.

"Have you any business with me, gentlemen?" inquired the colonel, courteously saluting them.

"Business of great importance, sir," replied Leyland. "We are in quest of two Jacobite agents, whom we thought might have taken refuge here; and our suspicions have been confirmed by the refusal of your gatekeeper to admit us."

"I am sorry you have been detained, gentlemen," replied Colonel Tyldesley, "but the man is not in fault. He has strict

orders to keep the gates locked early in the morning."

"It is a very unusual precaution, colonel," observed Holt. "But we must trouble you to go back with us to the house, since we propose to search it, unless these conspirators are given up to us. We have abundant proofs of their treasonable designs in these saddle-bags, which were left behind in the pink that brought them from Dublin to Cockerham. Charles Cawson, the master of the vessel, is here and can identify the traitors."

"Search the house and welcome, gentlemen," rejoined the colonel; "you will find no Jacobite agents. But I must protest very strongly against this vexatious interruption."

"You may not be aware, gentlemen," observed Beatrice, "that Colonel Tyldesley

and myself were setting out to my father's house at Preston?"

"We are very sorry to interfere with your arrangements," repeated Leyland. "But we cannot permit Colonel Tyldesley's departure."

No further remonstrance was attempted. Colonel Tyldesley and his fair cousin returned to the house, and the officers and Cawson followed.

Myerscough Lodge, which at the period of our story was in very good preservation, dated back to the commencement of the sixteenth century. It has since been partly pulled down, and turned into a farm-house. Built almost entirely of oak, the old hall possessed a great number of picturesque gables, ornamented with carved woodwork. In front, there was a long gallery lighted by a range of transom windows, and on

either side of the principal entrance there was a large bay-window filled with stained glass.

The house was surrounded by a moat, and a stone bridge led to the door.

The spacious hall—the roof of which was of oak, supported by great rafters—boasted a large carved mantelpiece, above which were shields of arms.

The walls were adorned with several family portraits, the most noticeable among them being the valiant Sir Thomas Tyldesley, grandsire of the present owner.

A wide oak staircase, with oak carved posts and balusters, led to the upper rooms, all of which were panelled, and full of antique furniture.

On the south side of the mansion was a very beautiful little chapel, supposed to be of earlier date than the rest of the building.

In it was an image of the Virgin, to which miraculous power was attributed.

As Father Johnson, to whom reference has been made, resided in the hall, mass was said daily in the chapel.

Myerscough Lodge was visited by James the First during one of his progresses in 1617, and again by Charles the Second in 1651, shortly before the death of its valiant owner in the fight of Wigan Lane.

Before Colonel Tyldesley reached the stone bridge we have mentioned, his return was perceived by the inmates of the hall, and three or four men-servants, with Master Hornby, the steward, at their head, came forth to meet him.

"Has anything happened, colonel?" inquired Hornby.

"Yes; these persons will not allow me to proceed to Preston. They are come in quest

of two Jacobite agents, who they say have taken refuge in the hall."

"I know the gentlemen," said the steward, glancing at the officers. "They belong to the Custom House at Cockerham."

"Exactly," cried Leyland. "We know you, too, Master Hornby, and we don't think you would wilfully deceive us. Are the men we seek here?"

"Not that I am aware of, sir," replied the steward.

"Take the officers over the house, Hornby, and let them satisfy themselves," cried Colonel Tyldesley. "They will find me in the dining-hall when they have finished their search."

Beatrice, who had hitherto restrained her merriment, laughed very heartily as she alighted and followed the colonel into the house.

"I wonder you were so civil to these men, cousin," she exclaimed. "I would not have suffered them to enter the Lodge!"

"They are armed with authority that cannot be safely resisted," he rejoined. "Besides, as I have just said, there is nothing to fear. They will make no discovery."

"They may not find those they seek," said Beatrice, "but they will carefully examine the house. Depend upon it we shall soon have them here again."

"No; I hope this may be their last visit. Ere long we shall be wholly freed from the annoyance."

"Yes, if the rising takes place soon; not otherwise."

"Not so loud," said the colonel; "you may be overheard."

"I almost wish these tiresome intruders could overhear me. They might do some-

thing to provoke you, my dear, long-suffering cousin!"

"They have given me provocation enough already. But we must proceed with caution. The time is not yet come for action."

"Shall I go to Father Johnson's room and tell him what has occurred?"

"Do so," said the colonel; "but pray be careful!"

On quitting the hall Beatrice bounded up the great staircase, and flew along the corridor till she came to a door at the further end, against which she tapped.

It was instantly opened by Father Johnson himself.

The tall, thin figure of the priest was enveloped in a long black gown, and he had a black coif on his head. His complexion was dark, and his regards penetrating.

He appeared surprised to see her, and inquired anxiously why she had so soon come back.

She gave him a hasty explanation, and, bidding him be on his guard, for the officers were searching the house, hurried away.

Two persons were in the room at the time with Father Johnson.

On returning he pushed back a sliding door in the oak wainscot, and disclosed a deep recess, into which these persons quickly stepped, and the panel was restored to its original position.

Meanwhile, the two officers and Cawson —the latter did not seem to like the task— attended by Hornby, had searched the lower part of the house, but without making any discovery.

They next proceeded to the stables, where the grooms accounted for all the horses,

and then, re-entering the house, desired to be taken to the chapel.

Hornby complied.

He had vainly hoped that Leyland would put down the saddle-bags, but the wary officer carried them with him wherever he went.

However, on entering the chapel, he laid them down just inside the door, thinking they must be safe there, and then employed himself in looking about the place.

On one side there was a white marble monument to the famous Sir Thomas Tyldesley, and while the visitors were admiring it, Hornby slipped out of the chapel.

As he did not return, they prepared to follow him, but found the door locked and the saddle-bags gone.

Thus entrapped, the officers shouted and swore, but no attention was paid to their threats. They fancied, however, they could

hear laughter outside, and this circumstance increased their rage.

While his companions found the situation intolerable, the master of the pink easily reconciled himself to it, and sitting down on a bench, soon fell fast asleep.

III.

HOW THE CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS WERE DETAINED BY COLONEL TYLDESLEY.

More than an hour passed in this manner, and the officers began to think they were never to be released.

At the end of that time, the door of the chapel was unfastened, and Colonel Tyldesley and Beatrice entered, accompanied by Father Johnson.

Behind them came Hornby and several other men-servants.

"Are you aware, colonel, that the saddle-

bags we brought with us have been carried off?" cried Leyland, in an angry and menacing tone.

"I don't clearly understand you, sir," rejoined Colonel Tyldesley, feigning surprise.

"Then, to speak plainly," rejoined Leyland, "we have been robbed by your steward, Mr. Hornby, and forcibly detained into the bargain."

"Do you admit the charge, Hornby?"

"Most certainly not, colonel. I have not got the bags. But it seems I inadvertently locked the gentlemen in the chapel."

"Yes; we have been here more than an hour," cried both officers, furiously.

"I am extremely sorry for it," said Colonel Tyldesley, scarcely able to refrain from laughing. "But pray come and have some breakfast. We have just had some fresh arrivals at the Lodge.

"You pretend you have never seen them before? Look again!"

"It's no use," replied Cawson; "I shouldn't recognise 'em if I looked for half an hour."

"You have brought Mr. Cawson as a witness for you, gentlemen," interposed Colonel Tyldesley, "and now you endeavour to discredit him, and try to prove that these are the persons you seek. But you are entirely mistaken. Captain Archer and Captain Fowler have not just come from Ireland, as you imagine, nor have they been recently on board any vessel. They are from Preston. And now having told you thus much, I must decline to give you any further information respecting them. Pray sit down."

A brief grace in Latin having been said by the priest, breakfast commenced.

Colonel Tyldesley sat at the top of the

long oak table, with Father Johnson on his right hand and Beatrice on the left.

The new-comers and the officers faced each other. The master of the pink had gone over to the supposed Jacobites, and seemed very friendly with them, almost confirming the officers' suspicions; and they resolved to settle accounts with him for his treachery by-and-by.

Cawson, however, seemed to have no uneasiness, but made a very hearty breakfast.

Amid the conversation that ensued, Beatrice's light laugh could be distinguished. She seemed very much amused by the scene, and occasionally made an observation that was only overheard by the colonel and Father Johnson, though its import could easily be guessed.

But Captain Archer talked loudly and indiscreetly, and could not be checked. It

was evident that the officers looked upon him and Fowler as enemies of the Government, and felt disposed to arrest them.

"I think you had better put a stop to this discourse, colonel," observed Father Johnson, in a low tone.

"I would gladly do so, but Captain Archer won't listen to me," observed the colonel.

"Perhaps he will listen to me," observed Beatrice.

"I am ready to obey Miss Tyldesley's slightest commands," said Archer.

"Then ask pardon of these officers!" she laughed.

"Ask their pardon!" exclaimed Archer. "You really must excuse me, Miss Tyldesley; I cannot do it. I would not willingly insult them in your presence, otherwise——"

"What would yo do, sir?" cried Holt.

"Throw the contents of this glass in your face!" said Archer.

"I advise you not to make the attempt, sir!" cried Holt, laying his hand upon his sword.

Archer would certainly have carried his threat into execution if his companion had not prevented him.

At the same time, Beatrice arose, and intimated her intention of leaving the breakfast table, but Captain Archer besought her to remain, promising to behave better in future.

"I hope you will, sir," said the young lady, as she resumed her seat.

"I think it proper to inform you, Colonel Tyldesley," cried Holt, "that we shall immediately apply to Lord Gerard of Brandon, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county,

for a warrant to apprehend these two persons."

"Then I shall be compelled to prevent your departure, gentlemen," said the colonel.

"You will detain us at your peril," cried both officers.

"Let the bridge be guarded," added Colonel Tyldesley to Hornby. "No one must quit the hall without my express permission."

"The order shall be obeyed, colonel," said Hornby, as he went forth.

However annoyed the officers might feel, they were obliged to submit, since they felt sure their horses were removed, and saw clearly that Cawson would not assist them.

"These officers have been very insolent, cousin," whispered Beatrice. "Don't let them go until you have bound them to secrecy."

While Colonel Tyldesley was considering how he should act under the circumstances, Hornby somewhat hastily returned, and said that Captain Walter Crosby and a Quaker gentleman had just arrived at the hall.

Walter Crosby's name, though uttered in a low voice, reached Beatrice's ears, and called a blush to her cheek.

"Is Captain Crosby alone?" she said to Hornby.

"No," replied the steward. "Doctor Bromfield, the Quaker, is with him."

On this announcement, Colonel Tyldesley and Father Johnson regarded each other in surprise.

But they had scarcely time to exchange a word, when the persons referred to entered the hall, and the colonel rose to meet them.

IV.

WALTER CROSBY AND DOCTOR BROMFIELD, THE QUAKER.

WALTER CROSBY belonged to a good old Roman Catholic family, at one time resident in Lancashire. Before fifteen he was left an orphan, and his father died poor, having lost his estates during the Civil Wars.

But though the youth had not much fortune, he had very good looks and very good manners. Moreover, he had several important friends, by one of whom he was presented to Charles II., and the good-

natured monarch was so struck with his appearance, that he at once made him one of his pages.

The youth's good looks were of service to him at the Court at Whitehall. He was much admired by the ladies, and it may be supposed led a very pleasant life.

He was quite as much in favour with James II. as with Charles, and the latter monarch, on his accession, gave him a commission in the Guards. As far as personal appearance went, Walter did credit to the king's choice, for he was considered the handsomest man in the regiment; but he was likewise an excellent officer, and full of spirit and courage.

We cannot follow him through his whole career, but must be content to mention that on his royal master's expulsion from the throne, Walter accompanied him to Saint Germain, and had since been employed in

conveying secret intelligence to the Lancashire Jacobites and in planning an insurrection for the restoration of the exiled king.

Walter's great wish was to accompany James to Ireland, and especially to be present at the siege of Londonderry; but the king would not permit him, thinking he would be more useful in Lancashire.

Besides being remarkably handsome, Captain Crosby was exceedingly tall, being upwards of six feet in height, and possessing a very fine figure. He wore a dark riding-dress, high boots, and a broad-leaved hat encircled by a feather.

With him was a somewhat shorter and stouter person, who might be twenty years his senior, and whose plain drab coat, with a stiff upright collar, proclaimed him a Quaker.

Doctor Bromfield had a very plain wig, a very plain hat, and a very long white neckcloth. However, as he was making a journey on horseback, he did not deny himself the comfort of boots, and carried a riding-whip as easily as Colonel Tyldesley himself.

Doctor Bromfield had good features, the habitual expression of which was mild and agreeable, but though professedly a man of peace, he was of a combative nature, and easily roused.

Doctor Bromfield travelled about a great deal, and, strange to say, was very well received by the principal Roman Catholic gentry in the North of England, and apparently made himself quite at home with them.

By some persons it was affirmed that his Quaker's dress was a mere disguise, but

of this there was no proof, and it was certain he was a friend of the famous William Penn.

This was the first time Doctor Bromfield had been to Myerscough Lodge, though he had often been invited there. He had just come from Preston, where he met Walter Crosby, who had brought him on with him.

While a very friendly greeting passed between Colonel Tyldesley and the newcomers, Doctor Bromfield cast an inquiring glance round the hall, and soon detected the Custom House officers, of whose presence he had been privately informed by Hornby.

He also recognised two acquaintances in Archer and Fowler, and could not be mistaken as to Cawson, having made a voyage with him in the pink.

"Thou hast got some unpleasant visitors here, I perceive, friend," observed Bromfield to the colonel.

"Yes; I don't know what to do with them. If I let them go, they are likely enough to get a warrant for my arrest."

"Ay, and they may chance upon Captain Bridges, who is now in the neighbourhood with a party of Dutch Dragoons," said Walter Crosby.

"Hadst thou not best bribe them, friend?" said Doctor Bromfield. "It may save thee from Lancaster Castle."

"Will they take a bribe, think you?" asked the colonel.

"I'll warrant them, provided enough be offered," rejoined Dr. Bromfield.

"Captain Bridges and his guards are bribed in the same way," observed Walter Crosby.

"Well, I am willing to pay handsomely for these men's departure," said the colonel. "But I want some security that they won't repeat their visit.

"Then shoot them both," laughed Walter.

"No. That would make a disturbance. Take them into another room, and I will arrange the affair to thy satisfaction," said Dr. Bromfield.

Acting upon the suggestion, Colonel Tyldesley caused the officers to be brought to an inner room, whither he had proceeded with Doctor Bromfield.

Prior to their appearance, he unlocked a bureau, and took from it a bag of gold.

"How much hast thou there, friend?" inquired the Quaker.

"Two hundred guineas. Is it enough?"

"Too much. But it is best to be on the right side."

At this juncture the officers were introduced by Hornby.

"Bring round these gentlemen's horses," said the colonel.

Hornby bowed and withdrew.

"Then you mean to let us depart, colonel?" cried the officers.

"Doctor Bromfield will explain my intention to you, gentlemen."

"Colonel Tyldesley trusts that any unpleasantness that has occurred may be forgotten," said Bromfield; "and hopes a better understanding may subsist between you and himself in future. In proof of his good feeling, he begs your acceptance of this bag of money, which, I may explain, contains two hundred guineas."

At the mention of this amount, the officers could not conceal their astonishment. They eyed the bag wistfully, but did not venture to take it.

Seeing their hesitation, Bromfield pressed it upon them.

"Pray don't refuse the present, gentlemen," he said. "You can do Colonel Tyldesley a service, which he is very happy to requite beforehand."

Upon this the officers took the money without more ado, and declared they should be quite ready to carry out the colonel's wishes, and would no further interfere with him or his friends.

"I think you had better take Cawson with you, gentlemen," said the colonel.

The officers agreed to the proposition, and shortly afterwards quitted the hall in company with the master of the pink, and returned to Cockerham.

On arriving at the little inn they found the post-horses had already been brought back.

They did not enter into any explanation with Tom Twiston, but the shrewd landlord plainly perceived they were quite satisfied with the result of the expedition.

V.

THE BLANK COMMISSIONS.

IMMEDIATELY after the departure of the officers and Cawson, the whole party assembled in the hall adjourned to the library, where a discussion took place as to what ought to be done under the circumstances.

Beatrice, being a strong Jacobite, was allowed to be present, and sat near Father Johnson.

The important saddle-bags, of which Hornby had obtained possession in the chapel, were produced, and opened by

Lunt—for we must now give him his real name—and several blank commissions taken from them and placed upon the table, around which the different persons were seated.

"I have brought these commissions direct from His Majesty King James, whom I saw less than a week ago with Generals Rosen and Hamilton, on Lough Foyle before Londonderry. One of them is intended for you, colonel," he said to Tyldesley. "It is a colonel's commission for a regiment of dragoons, with blanks for all your inferior officers, to be filled up as you may think fit."

"Give it to me," said Doctor Bromfield, who had already provided himself with a lighted taper and wax.

Having sealed the commission with a large seal, he delivered it to Colonel Tyldesley, who received the paper on his

knees, and pressed it to his lips with a look of the most fervent loyalty.

"I will lay down my life, or restore my rightful king to the throne," he said.

Then rising and turning to Walter Crosby, who was standing near, he thus addressed him:

"The first exercise I shall make of my newly-acquired privilege will be to appoint you major of my regiment."

So saying, and taking up a pen, he filled up a blank with the young man's name.

Thanking him warmly for the distinction conferred upon him, Walter said:

"I trust, colonel, I shall not discredit your regiment."

"I have no fear of that," was the hearty rejoinder.

Beatrice looked delighted.

"If you fill up the regiment as well as

you have begun, cousin," she said, "the king will have good reason to be satisfied."

"Whom shall I put down as lieutenant-colonel?" inquired Doctor Bromfield.

"John Girlington of Girlington," replied Colonel Tyldesley. "As captains, I appoint Henry Butler, Alexander Butler, and Thomas Carus; as lieutenants, William Westby, George Carus of Sellet, and Thomas Butler; and as cornets, Nicholas Knipe and Charles Coale."

"Will all these gentlemen accept commissions?" inquired Lunt.

"All. I will answer for them," replied Colonel Tyldesley.

"Then the regiment is complete," said Doctor Bromfield, who had filled up all the blanks.

"It is complete so far as the officers are concerned," replied Colonel Tyldesley.

"But men, horses, arms and ammunition, have to be provided. However, I engage to have all ready within a month."

"Colonel Tyldesley promises nothing more than he can perform," observed Father Johnson.

"We shall be able to raise a dozen regiments of horse in this county," said Lunt. "Both Lord Molyneux and Sir William Gerard have written to King James to say that his majesty may count upon them."

"The king enjoins all his loyal subjects in Lancashire and Yorkshire to hold themselves in readiness," said Threlfall. "As soon as they hear the Duke of Berwick has landed at Scotland, they may be certain he himself will embark with a large force from Ireland, and land as near as he can to Lancashire."

"Invasion will come on all sides," said Walter Crosby. "The French will land

simultaneously in Cornwall, and march towards London."

"Shall you join them?" asked Beatrice, in a low voice.

"I know not," he replied. "I thought of doing so."

"Heaven will soon drive the usurper from the throne and from the kingdom!" exclaimed Father Johnson.

"Amen!" cried Doctor Bromfield. "Where do you go next?" he added, to Lunt.

"I shall proceed first to Dunkenhalgh Park, as I desire to confer with Colonel Walmsley. Next I shall pay a visit to Sir Thomas Clifton at Clifton Park. Then I shall go to Mr. Philip Langton's of the Lowe; next to Mr. William Dicconson's, and thence to Mr. Blundell's."

"All loyal men and true," said Bromfield. "In Cheshire we are certain of Sir

Francis Egerton, Sir Philip Egerton, Mr. Cholmondeley of Vale Royal, and Mr. Robert Cholmondeley of Holford."

"And in Cumberland and Northumberland I can answer for twenty gentlemen of good family," said Threlfall. "Above four thousand men are already enlisted in these counties, and the moment the king lands, Carlisle and Newcastle will be placed in his majesty's hands, and an attack made on Berwick and Chester."

"Success is certain, unless our plans are thwarted," said Walter Crosby.

"They cannot be thwarted, unless by treachery, and we have no traitors among us," observed Lunt.

"I presume you understand, colonel, that Mr. Lunt and myself do not intend to make any stay here," said Threlfall. "We shall set out on our respective mis-

sions in an hour. As I have just explained, I shall take Cumberland, Northumberland, and the intermediate counties, while Mr. Lunt will confine himself to Cheshire and Lancashire. But we shall want horses."

"You shall have them," replied Colonel Tyldesley; "but you must let me have them back again, for I shall require them; and you will both render me a great service if you will enlist men for me, as well as buy horses."

"You may rely upon us, colonel," said Lunt. "But for that purpose we shall require a little money in hand—say a hundred each."

"You shall have it," rejoined the colonel. "Come with me to my closet."

"I will go with you, by your leave, gentlemen," said Father Johnson. "I have a word of counsel to give you."

The party then separated, and while the colonel and those with him proceeded to the closet, the others walked out into the garden.

VI.

CONVERSE IN THE GARDEN.

THE day was delightful, and nothing could be more charming than that old-fashioned garden. Doctor Bromfield sat down on a bench, leaving Walter and Beatrice to stroll on together.

After proceeding slowly to a little distance, they halted beneath the shade of a spreading tree.

"I thought I should have seen you and the colonel at Preston this morning," remarked Walter.

"We were stopped by those Custom House officers. But we shall go later in the day, unless Mrs. Tyldesley returns in the interim. Have you been long in Preston, Walter?"

"Only since yesterday. I came to your father's house with Doctor Bromfield. We found him very busily engaged in preparations for the rising. I shall soon go back to Saint Germain, unless events of importance occur here. You know I am now the queen's most trusty messenger. She is constantly engaged in some plot for the king's restoration, and always employs me."

"And you are delighted to serve her?"

"I could not be otherwise. Queen Mary of Modena is the most charming woman in the world!"

"I often wish I were one of her majesty's maids of honour," said Beatrice. "I am sure I should like Saint Germain!"

"Ere long I hope the Court will be restored to St. James's," rejoined Walter. "Then you may have your wish."

"I should prefer the French palace," said Beatrice. "But I speak of Courts as if I knew what they were like; whereas I have never seen one, and probably never shall," she added, with a sigh.

"You cannot tell," he rejoined. "If you are ever presented to Queen Mary of Modena, I am certain you will become a favourite with her.

"You flatter me, Walter," she said.

"No; you are exactly the person the queen would like, and have a frankness that would enchant her. I persuade myself you will some day become one of her attendants."

"Oh, I hope I shall!" she exclaimed. "You must get me appointed. I know you have plenty of interest. But what are you

going to do now? Do you intend to remain here?"

"Not long. I am expecting orders from the king. But I think I shall accompany Doctor Bromfield."

"Is Doctor Bromfield really a Quaker, Walter? I can scarcely believe it."

"Don't ask me. He is a very extraordinary person, whatever religious sect he may belong to. I brought him here to-day because he wants to know Colonel Tyldesley, whom he has not previously met. With the exception of Colonel Parker, he is the most active Jacobite among us."

"You underrate yourself, Walter. You are more active than either of them."

"I may ride faster and further than they can; convey more important messages, and bring back more answers; but I cannot contrive a plot half so well. Colonel Parker is a very good officer, and stands well with

the king, and when the rising takes place will no doubt receive a command. He is now in Preston."

"There will be a strong muster of Jacobites here at Myerscough before long," said Beatrice. "Sir John Fenwick, of Fenwick Tower, in Northumberland, who you know is at the head of our party in that county, is coming to pay a short visit to Colonel Tyldesley, and several of his friends will be asked to meet him."

"Sir John and Lady Mary Fenwick are on their way here, and will probably arrive to-day," said Walter. "They have been staying at Townley Park, and Colonel Townley will bring them and Colonel Parker, who has likewise been staying at Townley, in his roomy, old-fashioned coach."

"I have never seen the Fenwicks," said

Beatrice. "I am told Sir John is a fine man, but very haughty."

"You have heard him correctly described," rejoined Walter. "He is excessively proud; and he may well be proud of his ancient lineage, for the Fenwicks are one of the oldest families in Northumberland, and have held Fenwick Tower since the time of Henry III. They have always been a warlike race, and engaged in innumerable Border conflicts. Sir John himself commanded a regiment of horse in the service of the Prince of Orange in 1676 with great distinction; but though he had served the prince, he was not to be detached from his rightful sovereign, and refused to draw the sword for the usurper. Lady Mary Fenwick, who is a daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, is equally devoted to King James."

"I am aware of it," said Beatrice. "Sir

John Fenwick is certain to become a distinguished Jacobite leader. But why is he not with the king at Londonderry?"

"He can serve his majesty better here," replied Walter.

Just then their discourse was interrupted by Doctor Bromfield, who came to tell them that Mrs. Tyldesley had just returned from Preston, and that Colonel Townley had just arrived in his coach, bringing with him Sir John and Lady Mary Fenwick, and Colonel Parker.

"How strange!" exclaimed Beatrice. "We were just talking of them. But don't let us stop here. Come into the house. I long to see the Fenwicks."

VII.

SIR JOHN AND LADY MARY FENWICK.

THEY found the whole party assembled in the hall.

Mrs. Tyldesley, who had driven from Preston in her chariot, had hastily alighted and joined her husband, and they were now welcoming their distinguished visitors.

Unquestionably, the proud Northumbrian baronet was a very fine-looking man, and did not disdain the aid of dress.

His tall, elegant figure was set off to the utmost advantage by a richly-embroidered,

claret-coloured coat; while a large peruke, made of light-brown hair, and fortunately devoid of powder, flowed over his shoulders in ample curls. His long neckcloth was of Flanders lace, and he had deep lace ruffles at his wrists. A sword, sustained by a broad, rich belt, hung by his side. His amber-coloured silk hose were drawn above the knee, and his high-quartered shoes were fastened by diamond buckles. He carried his embroidered and feathered hat in his hand, but contrived, at the same time, to make frequent use of his snuff-box.

Sir John Fenwick's manner was considered very haughty, but this was one of the rare occasions on which he chose to unbend, and he was now particularly affable.

Lady Mary Fenwick, who, it has been incidentally mentioned, was a daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, had very charming

manners, and if she could not be accounted a beauty, was certainly very far from plain. She had soft blue eyes, a fair complexion—not the result of art—and expressive features, and was generally very much admired.

Colonel Tyldesley, who had never seen her before, was enchanted with her.

Of late, female costume had become much stiffer than formerly, and the charms of person, which had, perhaps, been too lavishly displayed in the reign of Charles II., were now carefully concealed, and the figure cased in a long, tight stomacher. Instead of being loose and ample, the sleeves were curtailed, and trimmed with long lace ruffles that hung to the elbow.

But the change chiefly to be regretted was, that the tresses were no longer allowed to wanton unconfined over the shoulders, as they did in the days of the Comte de

Grammont, but were raised to a great height above the brow, plentifully adorned with ribands and lace, and covered on the summit with a rich veil or scarf.

Such was the mode adopted both by Lady Mary Fenwick and Mrs. Tyldesley.

Whether the new head-dress suited them better than the former mode would have done, we presume not to say.

As Lady Mary's lofty coiffure, with its tiers of ribbons and lace streamers, made her look somewhat taller, she fancied it improved her appearance, and perhaps she was right. But Mrs. Tyldesley, who was still young, very good-looking, quite sufficiently tall, did not require a towering head-dress, and might have kept to the former fashion with advantage.

Colonel Townley, who belonged to one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in Lancashire, and had suffered much for his

adherence to the religion of his fathers, looked like a country gentleman who spent a great portion of his time in the chase and other sports.

He was the picture of health, and though considerably past the middle age, looked so hale and hearty, that he might last for another fifty years if he did not break his neck while hunting in the mean time.

With his fresh complexion, bright blue eyes, and expression of *bonhomie*, Colonel Townley's was a pleasant face to look upon.

He was a large man, and well made, and was dressed in a style that looked somewhat antiquated beside Sir John Fenwick's gay habiliments.

Colonel Parker, whom he had brought with him from Townley Hall in his coach, was much younger, and a very different-

looking person. He likewise belonged to a good old Lancashire family, but had no place of his own.

Colonel Parker had marked features, and a somewhat sinister expression of countenance, but he had very agreeable, almost captivating manners, and was accounted very handsome.

He wore a half-military riding-dress, with a campaign wig, a laced cocked hat, adorned with a feather, high boots, and had a sword by his side.

Colonel Parker, as we have said, was a staunch Jacobite, and had been concerned in every plot for the restoration of the deposed king, and even in some plots, it was darkly hinted, for the assassination of him who he styled the Usurper. From King William, Colonel Parker had received some affront which he had sworn to revenge.

The colonel was an old friend of Father Johnson, who now came forward to welcome him, and they conversed together apart, while Colonel Tyldesley addressed himself to the Fenwicks.

"At length I behold you and Lady Mary at Myerscough, Sir John," he said. "I have often expected you but have hitherto been always disappointed."

"I need not now explain why I could not come to you on more than one occasion, colonel," rejoined Sir John. "But I am delighted to find myself here at last. Myerscough, as the residence of your valiant grandsire, has always had the greatest interest to me."

"And to me too," added Lady Mary. "But I had not pictured to myself such a fine old place. Even the great hall we have just quitted does not throw it into shade."

"Nay, it will not bear comparison with Townley," said Colonel Tyldesley.

"Perhaps you have no oaks equal to ours," observed Colonel Townley. "But we have nothing better than this noble hall."

"You are pleased to be complimentary, sir," said Colonel Tyldesley. "But whatever may be the merits or defects of my house, it is large enough to enable me to entertain my friends, and I am right glad to see you all."

He then stepped forward to greet Colonel Parker, and shook hands heartily with him.

"I hope you bring us good news," he said.

"Excellent news from Scotland," replied Parker. "Viscount Dundee has just gained a great battle over General Mackay at Killiecrankie. Unfortunately, Dundee himself is mortally wounded."

"That robs the victory of half its value," said Colonel Tyldesley.

"The news has been brought by express from Scotland, and has been sent from Port Patrick to King James," said Parker. "I understand from Father Johnson that Threlfall and Lunt have been here."

"They have only just departed, after a narrow escape from arrest by two Custom House officers," said Colonel Tyldesley. "Things seem to be going on well in Ireland, though the siege of Londonderry lingers. But I am most anxious to learn that our friends in this county are ready to rise."

"They only await the signal," replied Colonel Parker. "But you shall hear all particulars at a more convenient opportunity."

"Come with me, then, at once to the library, where we shall be undisturbed,"

said Colonel Tyldesley. "I am impatient to learn how we stand."

Then, turning to Lady Mary Fenwick, he besought her to excuse him if he left her for a short time to the care of his wife.

"Don't mind me in the least, colonel," she rejoined. "Women have no business to take part in men's counsels."

"There I don't agree with your ladyship," observed Mrs. Tyldesley. "I am of opinion we could give very good advice; but since we are not asked, we need not trouble ourselves. While the gentlemen retire to hold a consultation together, I will conduct your ladyship to your room."

Lady Mary expressed her thanks, and passing out of the hall, ascended the great staircase with her hostess, who conducted her to a large bedchamber, panelled with dark oak, and hung with tapestry. It

was furnished with an antique oak bedstead, with tall carved posts, and a heavy canopy.

Owing to its furniture, the chamber had a sombre look; but Lady Mary seemed enchanted with it.

VIII.

A CONFERENCE.

MEANTIME, all the gentlemen, who, at Colonel Tyldesley's request, had accompanied him to the library, seated themselves at a table placed in the centre of the room.

Hornby was stationed outside the door, strict orders being given him that no one should be allowed admittance.

"We are now able to hold a perfectly private conference, gentlemen," said Colonel Tyldesley; "and I may therefore venture

to ask of those best able to give us information, whether all is ready for the insurrection?"

"We only await the king's orders," replied Colonel Parker. "Doctor Bromfield and Mr. Walter Crosby, who are quite as well informed as I am myself, will tell you that all possible preparations have been made; that arms, accoutrements, saddles, bridles, and other necessaries have been collected and concealed in the houses and outhouses of all our confederates; that great numbers of men have been raised in every part of this county, and of the adjoining counties; and furthermore, that assurance of assistance in men and arms has been given us by King Louis XIV."

"I brought a letter to that effect from Queen Mary of Modena to Lord Molyneux," said Walter Crosby.

"And I have a despatch from Lord Mel-

ford," said Doctor Bromfield, producing a letter as he spoke, "in which his lordship promises, on the part of King James, that as soon as his majesty has taken Londonderry, which may occur at any moment, he will embark for England; and that the Duke of Berwick will land in Scotland at the same time. The victory just gained at Killiecrankie by the brave Dundee will not be without influence upon him."

"You may not be aware, gentlemen, even those who are best informed," said Sir John Fenwick, who was seated near Colonel Tyldesley, "that five hundred Irish soldiers are now scattered about Northumberland. I engage that they shall be got together in a few days to assist King James, if there should be an insurrection in the northern counties."

Expressions of the liveliest satisfaction were heard from all at this announcement.

"I can count upon a hundred men, whom I will mount and equip," said Colonel Townley; "and I shall have with me Lieutenant-Colonel Standish of Standish, and Captain Bierley."

"And I will provide a regiment of horse, for which I have just received a commission," said Colonel Tyldesley. "I shall have with me Lieutenant-Colonel Girlington, and half a dozen officers. I have plenty of arms concealed in the house, as my chaplain will tell you."

"Arms and accoutrements for a full regiment of horse," said Father Johnson.

"You promise well, gentlemen," observed Colonel Parker. "But you must not imagine King James will be left undisturbed in Ireland. The Duke of Schomberg, whose valour and military skill we must all admit, has got together in great haste an army of ten thousand men, composed of English

militia and French refugees, and means to disembark them in Ulster. A battle must speedily ensue which may materially affect our future plans. But whatever may be the result of the engagement, there is only one way, in my opinion, to insure success to our scheme."

"Let us hear it," said Father Johnson.

"William of Nassau is now in Holland. He must never return to this country."

"That were desirable, in good sooth," said the priest. "But how prevent him?"

"Can you not guess?" rejoined Parker, significantly.

Every one seemed struck by the answer; but, for a few moments, no remark was made.

At length Colonel Tyldesley spoke.

"I will not affect to misunderstand you, Colonel Parker," he said, very gravely.

"But, however desirable the prince's removal may be, he must be dealt with fairly."

"He is the bitter enemy of our religion," said Father Johnson.

"He is a usurper," added Doctor Bromfield, "and has no right to sit on the throne."

"But he must not be assassinated," said Colonel Tyldesley.

"No, no!" cried Colonel Townley. "I will be no party to any such plan."

"You are over-scrupulous, gentlemen," said Parker.

"I think so," observed Doctor Bromfield.

"The proposition is very startling," said Sir John Fenwick, "and requires consideration."

"It requires none," said Colonel Tyldesley.

"None whatever," added Colonel Townley.

"Then let me tell you, gentlemen," said Colonel Parker, "that the scheme has been sanctioned—nay, was suggested—by a dignitary of our holy Church."

"I don't disapprove of it," said Father Johnson.

"I won't argue the matter," said Colonel Tyldesley; "because I insist, if the scheme has ever been entertained, it may be abandoned. The execution of such a project would disgrace our cause."

"William of Nassau is so much detested, that a hundred daggers are ready to strike him," said Colonel Parker; "and the only wonder is that not one has yet found a way to his heart."

"Leave him to Heaven," said Colonel Townley.

"You have not yet spoken, Captain

Crosby," said Sir John Fenwick to Walter. "Do you disapprove of the attempt?"

"I do," was the reply; "but I leave others to act as they think proper."

"Let no more be said on the subject," observed Sir John Fenwick. "We are not likely to agree. But I wish to ask some questions. I am told that the French king has not a fleet ready, and that the fortifications of Brest, Saint Malo, Cherbourg, and Havre are out of repair; whereas it appears that the Prince of Orange has nearly a hundred men-of-war here and in Holland."

"You have been misinformed, Sir John," said Walter. "The fortifications you mention are in very good repair, as I myself can testify; and King Louis means to send a squadron of twenty-two vessels, commanded by the Comte de Chateau-Reg-

nault, to Bantry Bay, where he may expect to meet Admiral Herbert."

"Our prospects, I think, are excellent," said Colonel Tyldesley; "and if the victory of Killiecrankie can only be followed up, we need not despair of winning Edinburgh, where we have many partisans."

"We have friends there who will seize the castle, should the Duke of Berwick land," said Sir John Fenwick.

"All looks so well," observed Colonel Tyldesley, "that we clearly need not have recourse to schemes abhorrent to loyal natures. And now I should like to show you my store of arms."

With this they arose, and all quitted the room except Colonel Parker, Doctor Bromfield, and Father Johnson, who did not seem satisfied with the result of the conference.

"I am sorry I broached my plan," said Parker. "I thought it would have been differently received. But I shall not give it up."

"I believe Sir John Fenwick will join us," observed Doctor Bromfield.

"I am sure he will," said Father Johnson. "I will speak to him in private."

By the time the gentlemen came out of the library the ladies had re-appeared from above, and the whole party again met in the hall.

But they did not remain there long.

Colonel Tyldesley was anxious to show his friends the great quantity of arms and warlike equipage he had got together, and he took them to various closets and secret rooms, where a surprising number of saddles, bridles, and holsters were to be seen, with two or three boxes of swords, musquets, musquetoons, pistols, pikes, drums, kettle-

drums, trumpets, and a couple of standards, forming altogether accoutrements sufficient for a couple of regiments.

Colonel Tyldesley also declared that he had plenty of powder, and that more than a dozen barrels were stowed away in a vault.

"Enough to blow up the house," said Colonel Townley, with a laugh.

"Enough to blow up half a dozen houses," added Colonel Parker. "I would the Prince of Orange were here to be sent to the skies. No doubt you have horses for all your saddles and bridles, and men for all the horses."

"I have," replied Colonel Tyldesley. "I think I am fully prepared. I expect Lieutenant-Colonel Girlington here to-day, and I dare say I shall have Captain Henry Butler, Captain Carus, and Lieutenant Westby as well."

"I hope so," said Sir John Fenwick. "I shall be delighted to meet them."

"Then you won't be disappointed," said Colonel Townley; "for they have all just ridden into the court-yard."

Colonel Tyldesley immediately went out to meet them, and gave them a hearty welcome.

IX.

IN WHICH MANY UNEXPECTED VISITORS ARRIVE AT MYERSCOUGH.

It seemed there was to be a great gathering of Jacobites that day at Myerscough Lodge, for scarcely had Colonel Tyldesley disposed of the officers we have mentioned, than three much more important personages arrived—namely, Lord Molyneux, Sir William Gerard, and Sir Rowland Stanley.

They came on horseback, and had half a dozen well-mounted attendants with them.

It may be mentioned that Lord Molyneux, Colonel Tyldesley, and Colonel Townley were connected by marriage.

"I thank you for this visit, my dear lord," said Colonel Tyldesley. "It is all the more agreeable, because unexpected."

"Unexpected!" exclaimed Lord Molyneux. "How is that? I received an invitation from you."

"And so did we," cried Sir William Gerard and Sir Rowland Stanley.

"The invitations did not come from me, and I suspect must have been sent with some ill design," replied Colonel Tyldesley. "Nevertheless, I repeat I am exceedingly glad to see you all. You will find several of your friends here."

And he told them who were in the house.

"This is surprising," exclaimed Lord Molyneux.

But it seemed still more surprising when, not very long afterwards, three other important Jacobite gentlemen arrived—namely, Sir Thomas Clifton, Mr. William Dicconson, and Mr. Philip Langton.

They were likewise on horseback and well attended.

None of these persons having been invited, it became evident that some treacherous design was on foot, and that it behoved Colonel Tyldesley and his friends to take all needful precautions for their safety.

The first idea of the gentlemen who had been thus strangely assembled was that they should depart immediately, but at the earnest entreaties of Colonel Tyldesley, Sir John Fenwick, and Colonel Townley, they all agreed to remain for a short time, and hold a consultation.

To prevent a surprise, Colonel Tyldesley

ordered the park gates to be shut, and a watch to be kept at the bridge.

The horses were not taken into the stables, and the grooms remained beside them.

"We make a strong muster now," observed Lord Molyneux; "and should be well able to resist an attack."

"I do not think such a course would be prudent," rejoined Colonel Tyldesley. "But let us talk the matter over indoors."

He then took them into the house, and presented them to the ladies, who were filled with astonishment at their unexpected arrival.

Nor was their wonder decreased by the explanation given.

Mrs. Tyldesley was persuaded some dire event was about to happen; but Beatrice tried to keep up her courage.

After a brief discourse had occurred,

Colonel Parker took upon himself to address the assemblage.

"It is easy to understand why these invitations have been sent in Colonel Tyldesley's name," he said. "The object was clearly to get together several of the most important Jacobite gentlemen in the county, and then arrest them for holding a treasonable meeting. No doubt warrants have been issued, and ere long Captain Bridges with his Dutch guard will be here. Colonel Tyldesley is of opinion that resistance must not be offered. In that case there is nothing for us but flight, since it is impossible so many persons and so many horses can be concealed. But," he added, changing his tone, and speaking very energetically, "I think we ought to resist. We have plenty of men and arms, and the hall, with its moat and bridge, is susceptible of defence."

"It is certain the hall could be successfully defended," said Colonel Tyldesley; "but I am unwilling to adopt such a course, since it might lead to disastrous consequences to our party."

"It would inevitably do so," said Colonel Townley. "In less than a week we should be lodged in Lancaster Castle. My advice is that we should all depart forthwith, and keep together till we reach Preston. If we separate, though the majority of us may escape, some are sure to be taken."

"You are right, colonel," said Lord Molyneux. "Seeing us in such force, Captain Bridges will not dare to attack us; but we may attack *him*, if we choose."

"Yes; I can furnish you all with arms," said Colonel Tyldesley.

After drinking King James's health in bumpers, the whole of the guests prepared for departure, and as the Lodge could

scarcely be considered safe at this moment, all the ladies agreed to go to Townley Park.

By this arrangement, the colonel would be left with Father Johnson, to take care of the house.

X.

CAPTAIN BRIDGES AND HIS DUTCH DRAGOONS.

In a very short space of time all was got ready.

Holsters with pistols in them were provided for such of the gentlemen as were unarmed, and the grooms had muskets slung over their shoulders.

The advanced guard consisted of half a dozen armed attendants, Lieutenant-Colonel Girlington, Captain Butler, and Captain Carus, with Lord Molyneux, Sir William Gerard, and Sir Rowland Stanley.

They were followed by more armed grooms, and after them came Colonel Townley's large coach, which was now occupied by Sir John and Lady Fenwick, with Mrs. Tyldesley.

On one side of the coach rode Colonel Townley himself, and on the other Doctor Bromfield. Colonel Parker, who was now very well mounted, rode by himself, and Walter Crosby and Beatrice brought up the rear.

As this large cavalcade rode through the park, it presented a very striking appearance, and excited the admiration of Colonel Tyldesley and Father Johnson, who watched it from the bridge.

It had proceeded about four miles on the road to Preston, without meeting an interruption, when the foremost of the party discovered a troop of horse advancing from

Broughton, and at once called the attention of the others to them.

Not a moment's doubt could be entertained that they were Captain Bridges and his Dutch dragoons.

The English officer rode a good strong horse, and being a fine man, looked very well in his laced scarlet coat, feathered cocked hat, and jack-boots. He had pistols in his holsters, and a long sword dangling from his shoulder-belt. His looks were insolent and authoritative.

The Dutch guards were large men, well mounted, and handsomely equipped with breastplates of steel. They were armed with long swords and pistols, and had carbines slung behind.

On seeing the Jacobites, Captain Bridges was at first greatly surprised at their number, but immediately conjectured who they

were, and, calling upon them in a loud voice to halt, drew up his men in the middle of the road, so as to bar their further progress.

Colonel Parker, who had been placed in command of the party, now rode forward, and asked in a haughty manner why they were interrupted.

"Give an account of yourselves," rejoined Captain Bridges, sternly. "Whence do you come?—whither are you going?—and on what errand?"

"We decline to answer any one of the questions," said Parker. "Move out of the way, and let us pass."

"Aha!" exclaimed Bridges, fiercely. "Traitors and Jacobites as you are, you fancy you will be allowed to plot against the king with impunity. But you are mistaken. I know you have been holding

a large treasonable meeting at Colonel Tyldesley's, of Myerscough Lodge."

"How do you know it?" demanded Colonel Parker.

"Because I have received certain information of your proceedings," said Captain Bridges.

"You, yourself, are the contriver of the treason," retorted Parker. "Most of these gentlemen have been taken to Myerscough by false messages sent by you."

"The statement is false," said Bridges, with affected indignation. "There was no need to entrap you. I have long had it in my power to arrest you and other disaffected and dangerous persons in the county, and have only awaited a convenient opportunity when I could seize upon several together."

"So failing to find an opportunity, and

resolved not to be baulked, you had recourse to this dishonourable stratagem," said Parker. "But understand that we do not intend to yield ourselves prisoners, and if an attempt be made on your part to arrest us, we shall resist."

As this was uttered in a very determined tone, and bespoke the resolution of the Jacobites to act up to the threat, Captain Bridges hesitated, and turned partly round in his saddle to regard his men.

They maintained their previous sullen demeanour, and probably did not clearly understand what was said.

At the same time, they seemed quite ready to execute any order given them by their captain.

But Bridges hesitated.

His plan had failed. He expected to find all the Jacobite gentlemen at Myers-

cough, but he now saw clearly that if he attempted to arrest them, he should be worsted.

He did not seek to conceal his vexation, but signed to them to go on.

XI.

BEATRICE REFUSES TO PLIGHT HER FAITH TO WALTER.

BEATRICE, it may be remembered, was riding beside Captain Crosby, in the rear of the Jacobite cavalcade, at the time of its stoppage by Captain Bridges and his dragoons.

From some cause, her horse became suddenly alarmed, and dashed back, and Walter followed her.

The terrified animal soon quitted the road, and speeded across the heath that lay on the left.

Walter, who was equally well mounted, kept as near the involuntary fugitive as he could with safety.

In this way they galloped on for nearly three miles, when the flying steed began to show symptoms of exhaustion, and his fair rider, who had never for a moment lost her courage, was able to stop him.

Immediately afterwards, Walter came up, and congratulated her on her escape.

"Your horse has been galloping so wildly," he said, "that I was afraid he would take you into the Wyre."

"No, though I could not stop him, I knew where the danger lay, and managed to keep him away from the river. But the obstinate animal seems to have a design upon me, and has carried me back towards Myerscough."

"Neither friends nor enemies are any

longer in sight," said Walter, looking round. "What shall we do?"

"Go on to Preston, of course," replied Beatrice.

But this was soon found impossible. In his flight across the moor her horse had lamed himself, and now could hardly hobble along.

There was nothing, therefore, for it but to return to Myerscough, and it was absolutely necessary that Walter should accompany her. So they went slowly on, and leaving Morrow Lee on the right, crossed the little river Brook at White Ash, and proceeded towards the lodge.

On arriving at the park gate, they were rejoiced to learn from the keeper that Captain Bridges and his troop had not yet appeared, and Walter began to think they should not be troubled with them again.

No one was in the park, but they found half a dozen men-servants, armed with muskets, stationed at the bridge.

Information of Miss Tyldesley's unexpected return with Captain Crosby had already been conveyed by Hornby to the colonel and Father Johnson, who came forth to meet them.

Explanations were quickly given, and Colonel Tyldesley decided upon sending off a mounted messenger at once to Preston, to acquaint Mrs. Tyldesley and the rest with what had occurred, and also to let them know that no visit had yet been paid to the Lodge by Captain Bridges.

Walter would have taken the message himself, but the colonel would not let him.

"Since accident has brought you back, you must remain here till to-morrow," he said. "If nothing happens in the meantime, you can then go on to Townley Park."

"I will do whatever you desire, colonel," said the young man, who had consulted Beatrice by a look.

On this, they all went into the house, and Walter recounted more at length what had passed between Colonel Parker and Bridges.

"Will Captain Bridges come here, think you?" observed Father Johnson.

"Impossible to say," replied Walter. "I expected to find him here."

"I do not think we can consider ourselves free from him yet," remarked Beatrice. "I fully expected to be captured."

"Our Lady has preserved you from a great peril, daughter," said the priest. "You ought to give her thanks."

"I was about to proceed to the chapel for that purpose, father," she replied.

"I am glad to hear it," he said. "Shall I conduct you thither?"

"No; I would rather be alone," she replied.

With this, she withdrew, and entering the chapel, knelt down before the statue of the Virgin, and prayed fervently.

While thus occupied, she fancied she heard the door softly opened, but did not turn her head, and it was only when she arose on finishing her devotions that she discovered Walter standing behind her.

She regarded him somewhat reproachfully.

"Did you not hear me tell Father Johnson that I desired to be alone?"

"Yes; but pray pardon the intrusion!" he rejoined. "I have a word to say to you, and I wish to say it here."

"Speak, then," she rejoined.

But though thus encouraged, both by word and look, he hesitated.

At length he summoned resolution, and took her hand, which she did not withdraw.

"I need not tell you how devotedly I love you, dearest Beatrice," he said. "But I never felt my love for you so strong as when you were borne away from me just now. I thought how wretched I should be if I were really to lose you."

"This is very silly," she interrupted. "You are not likely to lose me."

"I know not that," he rejoined. "We are rarely together, and love, they say, is not proof against long absence."

"Such love as mine is, Walter. Have no fear. Trust me, there will be no change in my regard for you."

"I believe it when I listen to you, and look into those lovely eyes, dearest Beatrice. But there are moments when doubts and fears assail me."

"Dismiss them immediately. They have no foundation."

"Would I could dismiss them!" he cried.

"I suppose you are of a jealous nature, Walter, and like to torment yourself."

"It may be so," he rejoined. "It is certain I am often very miserable."

"I feel inclined to laugh at you, Walter; but I won't. Don't you perceive that you make your own unhappiness? Have you ever heard me say I preferred any one to you? Have you ever heard that I had any other suitor?"

"Yes; I have been told you have had several; and I am by no means certain you have not several now."

"Not suitors, Walter. I have had admirers; but I would not suffer them to persecute me with their addresses. I have had offers for my hand; but I have

refused them all, because I could not give my heart with it."

"But your reluctance may be overcome."

"I don't think it will, Walter," she replied, smiling.

"Now answer me this question, Beatrice —answer it sincerely! Were your father to insist upon your marrying some one in particular, whom he might conceive more eligible than myself, would you obey him?"

"No. I have already shown myself inflexible; or, as my father and my cousin, Colonel Tyldesley, would call it, obstinate and self-willed. Perhaps I am obstinate, for when I have made up my mind, neither persuasion nor force will move me."

"I have yet another question to put to you; and the answer to it is of the greatest importance to myself. Answer it frankly."

"I will, if I can," she rejoined, partly guessing what he meant.

"Does Colonel Tyldesley believe you have a preference for me?"

"He never said as much; but I am sure he does," she replied.

"Would he oppose our union, or promote it?"

"I cannot tell. But I am certain my father would not consent to it."

The young man uttered an exclamation of despair.

"Then it would be useless to speak to him?" said Walter.

"Quite useless," she replied. "You would meet with a flat refusal. Leave him to me."

"I will gladly do so!" cried Walter. "I had something to propose to you," he continued, again hesitating; "though, after what you have just said, I scarcely dare

mention it. Shall we plight our faith here, in the presence of our Holy Mother?"

"Do not ask this of me, Walter," she replied, withdrawing her hand. "I will not bind myself thus."

"Then you do not love me as much as you pretend!" he cried.

"Yes, I love you devotedly; but circumstances may render our union impossible."

"You will not solemnly promise to be mine," he said, in a voice of anguish.

"No," she replied, calmly and firmly. "I hope all may turn out as we could wish; but I will make no vow."

Walter almost staggered back, and looked as if he had received a heavy blow.

At the same moment, the door of the chapel, which had not been completely closed when the young man came in, was thrown open, and admitted Father Johnson.

"You have acted rightly, daughter," he

said to Beatrice. "I have heard what has just passed, and entirely approve of your conduct."

"I did not imagine you would act against me, father," cried Walter.

"Nor do I act against you," replied the priest. "But I see so many difficulties in the way of the union, that I deem it best no engagement should take place. You must wait till the work you have to do is accomplished before you talk of marriage."

Walter cast an imploring look on the object of his affection, but she remained steadfast.

They then quitted the chapel, and proceeded to the hall, where they found Colonel Tyldesley and Hornby.

XII.

CAPTAIN BRIDGES ARRIVES AT THE LODGE.

SOMETHING had evidently happened.

"You have just come in time," cried the colonel. "I was about to send for you. Captain Bridges has arrived with his Dutch troop, and demands admittance to the house; declaring he holds a warrant for my arrest."

"I have seen it, colonel," said Hornby.

"Where is Captain Bridges?" inquired Walter.

"On the further side of the bridge," replied the colonel.

"You will resist him, of course?" cried Walter.

"I have not yet decided. I wished to consult Father Johnson before sending an answer. What shall I do?" he added to the priest.

"I would rather not advise," was the reply. "I might be wrong."

"But I desire you to speak."

"In my opinion, then, surrender will be safest," replied the priest. "Captain Bridges may be driven off with his troop; but he will certainly return with reinforcements, and renew the attack—probably with success."

"But you might easily escape before the house could be taken," said Beatrice to the colonel.

"I shall not make the attempt," he rejoined.

"What! will you not resist?—will you

tamely yield?" cried Beatrice in amazement.

"The signal for the insurrection has not yet been given," observed the priest; "and Colonel Tyldesley might be blamed for undue haste. I approve of his determination."

"I didn't expect this counsel from you, father," said Beatrice.

"What answer shall I take to Captain Bridges, colonel?" asked Hornby. "He will grow impatient at the delay."

"Say that I am willing to confer with him here. He may bring with him two of his troopers; but I will allow no others to enter the Lodge till some terms have been agreed upon."

"Your message shall be delivered to him, colonel," said Hornby, departing on the errand.

Colonel Tyldesley then walked about

with Father Johnson, and remained in earnest conversation with him till Captain Bridges was ushered into the hall by Hornby, while the two troopers who accompanied him remained standing near the door.

"I am sorry to have to pay you this visit, colonel," said Bridges, bowing; "but I must perform my duty."

"Make no apologies, sir," rejoined Tyldesley, haughtily. "You have come to arrest me?"

"It is so, colonel."

"I need scarcely inquire on what charge, since I doubt not it is for *alleged* treasonable practices. I say *alleged*, because I have been guilty of none."

"A large number of notorious Jacobites have been here—at Myerscough Lodge—this morning, colonel," said Bridges. "I have seen them myself."

"You may have met certain gentlemen whom you style Jacobites, sir, but you have no proof that they have been here."

"Your pardon, colonel; I have positive proof of the fact. I can show you a list of your visitors. The Privy Council is aware that an extensive conspiracy is on foot among the Roman Catholic gentry of Lancashire for the restoration of the ex-king, and the proceedings of all known Jacobites have therefore been carefully watched. I repeat that a large meeting of suspected persons was held here this morning."

"That meeting was not got together by me, sir," cried Colonel Tyldesley, indignantly.

"No matter—it took place. Of that we have sufficient proof. Nay, I myself can prove the fact; for I have seen most of the persons who were assembled here.

I therefore arrest you on the charge of high treason, and shall take you hence, and lodge you in their majesties' castle of Lancaster."

And as he spoke he produced his warrant.

"Will you allow yourself to be thus made prisoner, colonel," said Walter.

"Resistance will be useless," observed Captain Bridges. "Colonel Tyldesley must go with me."

"Must?" cried the colonel, contemptuously.

"Ay, there is no help for it—go you must! But you shall not be put to any needless inconvenience."

"I shall be glad of half an hour to make certain arrangements preparatory to my departure," said the colonel.

"You shall have it with pleasure," re-

plied Bridges. "I will remain here till you return."

"Let refreshments be set before Captain Bridges," said Colonel Tyldesley to Hornby.

"Do not give yourself the trouble," said Bridges. "I need none."

"Do you object to my taking your men to the servants' hall, captain ?" said Hornby. "I can give them some good ale."

"Do not give them too much of it," replied Bridges, signifying his assent to the proposition.

XIII.

CAPTAIN BRIDGES IS OUTWITTED BY HORNBY.

COLONEL TYLDESLEY then quitted the hall with the priest, and was immediately followed by Walter and Beatrice.

At the same time, Hornby conducted the two troopers to the servants' hall, and, having supplied them with a large jug of ale and some cold meat, he left them there.

His next business was to arm all the men-servants left in the house, and place them in the entrance to the hall.

Meanwhile, Colonel Tyldesley and the others had proceeded to Father Johnson's room, in which, as we have already mentioned, there were several hiding-places; and the priest now explained a plan he had contrived to baffle Captain Bridges, and which he thought could not fail of success.

Strange to say, Captain Bridges, who was ordinarily very suspicious, seemed to have no misgivings on the present occasion.

He did not think it possible Colonel Tyldesley or any one else could escape, since his own guards kept watch over the bridge.

But more than half an hour elapsed, and neither Colonel Tyldesley nor any of the others who had quitted the hall at the same time had returned.

At length Hornby reappeared, and Bridges sprang from his seat.

"Is Colonel Tyldesley ready?" he inquired. "I can wait no longer."

"I cannot find him," replied the steward.

"Not find him?" exclaimed Bridges. "Surely he has not played me false! He promised to return, and I placed entire reliance on his word."

"If he gave you his word, he will return, captain," said Hornby. "But I feel sure you are wrong."

"Ah, villain! I see through it all. You have been aiding your master to escape. He is gone."

"I will not attempt to deny it, since I believe he is now perfectly safe," said Hornby.

"And the others are gone with him?" cried Bridges.

"You are quite right in your conjecture, captain," replied Hornby.

"How have they escaped?" Tell me that, rascal, or I will hang you!" cried Bridges.

"I cannot explain the mode of their departure," said Hornby. "All I know is, they are gone."

"I shall not be satisfied with your assertion, rascal!" cried Bridges. "I shall search the house."

"No, you won't, captain," rejoined Hornby. "I am left in charge of the place, and shall not permit it."

"You will not dare to prevent me?" cried Bridges.

Hornby laughed contemptuously.

"You are my prisoner," he said, "and I shall detain you as long as I think proper. Your two troopers have been disarmed, and are prisoners likewise. I have told you that Colonel Tyldesley and those you saw

with him just now are gone. It would be useless to search for them; but I shall not allow you to make the attempt."

"Are you aware of what you are doing?" demanded Bridges, sternly.

"I am prepared for all consequences," rejoined Hornby. "But now beware! You shall not depart unless you swear not to molest us again. You are in my power, and I won't let you go, except on these conditions. I give you five minutes for consideration—no more. At the end of that time, if you decline my proposal, I will take you into the court-yard, and shoot you, together with your two Dutch guards. Don't imagine I threaten idly. Every arrangement has been made for the execution of my purpose."

Captain Bridges looked at him, and saw from his resolute demeanour that he would not hesitate to carry out the threat.

He likewise noticed a dozen armed varlets standing near the door. He therefore deemed it wisest to submit.

"Set me at liberty — set free my two troopers, and I will depart—I swear it!" he said.

"And you will not return!" demanded Hornby.

"I will not," replied Bridges.

In a very short time Myerscough Lodge was free from the intruders; and they had not long been gone when Colonel Tyldesley and his companions came from the priest's room.

End of the Introduction.

Book the First.

THE COURT OF SAINT-GERMAIN.

I.

MARY OF MODENA.

FIVE years have flown, and, during that long interval, many important events have occurred, all unfavourable to the cause of the exiled monarch.

The siege of Londonderry, after a long and valiant defence of the ancient and picturesque city by its inhabitants, has been raised. A great Jacobite plot, having for its chiefs the Lords Dartmouth, Aylesbury, and Clarendon, and numbering many persons of rank in the northern counties, has

been discovered, and several of the leading conspirators, including the Lords Clarendon and Dartmouth, imprisoned in the Tower. The decisive battle of the Boyne has been fought, and James forced to quit Ireland, and return to France. Dublin has submitted to William; the treaty of Limerick has been signed, and the unfortunate James has witnessed from La Hogue the destruction of the powerful armament destined by Louis XIV. to invade England.

So many untoward events, combined with the increasing power of William, naturally discouraged James, and made him doubt the possibility of recovering his throne, though he had still many adherents, who strongly urged him to continue the struggle, and promised him eventual success.

In the spring of 1694—at which period we resume our story—the exiled monarch still held his Court at the royal château of

Saint-Germain, generously assigned him as a residence by Louis XIV., who likewise provided for his expenses by a pension of eight hundred thousand francs, and lent him a company of the Royal Guards.

Besides these, James had a party of his own guards, who conceived themselves ill-treated or neglected by William, or had placed their lives in jeopardy by designs against the English Government, and were warmly welcomed by James and his queen, Mary of Modena.

Secret communication was constantly kept up by the Court of Saint-Germain with the English Jacobites, and all the intelligence that could be obtained at Saint James's likely to interest the ex-king was transmitted to him.

If advancing age had made James less desirous than heretofore to return to a country that had banished him, and treated

him, as he thought, with the basest ingratitude, he still wished to secure the English throne for his son James Edward, subsequently known as the Chevalier de Saint-George, and the Pretender, who was now some six years old, having been born 1688.

Mary of Modena, who had scarcely half the age of her husband, and possessed all the spirit and energy that he wanted, resolved to recover his kingdom for him, and cared not by what means she accomplished her purpose. Detesting William, and regarding him as a usurper whom it was lawful to remove by any means, she rejected no plan proposed to her.

Daughter of Alphonso IV., Duke of Modena, Mary was married to James when only fifteen, now twenty-two years ago. She had lost none of her powers of fascination. Her figure was as slight and symmetrical as ever, her dark eyes as lustrous,

her complexion as fair, and her tresses as jetty and luxuriant. Some persons declared she was lovelier than ever; and it may have been so. Certain it is that neither misfortune nor anxiety had impaired her charms.

Like the king, her husband, Mary was extremely bigoted, and, like him, very much under priestly control. Her confessor, Father Petre, had great influence over both of them.

Among the queen's maids of honour, all of whom belonged to English Roman Catholic families of rank, none could vie in point of grace and beauty with Beatrice Tyldesley.

She had obtained the post she so much coveted through the instrumentality of Walter Crosby, who had solicited it from the queen, and he and Father Johnson escorted her to Saint-Germain.

Charming apartments in the château, overlooking the parterre, had been assigned her, and having now gained the principal object of her desires, she was supremely happy.

Mary, who from the first had shown herself most gracious and condescending, soon became strongly attached to her new attendant.

Beatrice's remarkable beauty and liveliness of manner created a great sensation among the young gallants who accompanied Louis in his frequent visits to Saint-Germain, and they considered her the chief attraction of the exiled monarch's court. Several duels had been fought on her account.

Father Johnson did not return to Myerscough, and was now constantly employed as a secret emissary from James to his

adherents in Lancashire and Cheshire, and fulfilled his office admirably.

While alluding to Myerscough, we may mention that Colonel Tyldesley had lost his wife—now some four years ago.

But of all the messengers attached to the court of Saint-Germain none stood so high in the queen's favour as Walter Crosby. He was always selected for any important matter; but if he remained away too long, her majesty invariably sent him a summons to return.

Beatrice could not fail to remark the interest taken in the young man by the queen; but if the lovely maid-of-honour felt any jealousy of her royal mistress, she did not allow it to appear. She could not for a moment suppose that Walter would presume to raise his regards so high, whatever encouragement he might receive.

II.

JAMES THE SECOND.

JAMES had two ministers—Lord Melford, brother of the Earl of Perth, and Lord Middleton — who managed his affairs by turns according to the king's humour.

Between these noblemen a great rivalry existed. Each had a strong party, and it was difficult to say which was the most powerful.

Other members of the Council were the Earls of Dover, Abercorn, and Seaforth, the Lords Thomas and George Howard, the Duke of Berwick, and Henry Fitz-

James, commonly called the Grand Prior, the two latter being the king's sons by Arabella Churchill, sister of the Duke of Marlborough.

James's receptions were generally crowded by persons of distinction, who had come to Saint-Germain to offer him their services. Chief among them were the Earl of Aylesbury, who had been concerned in the plot for which Clarendon and Dartmouth were imprisoned, Lord Montgomery, Sir John Fenwick, Sir William Perkins, Sir John Friend, Colonels Tempest and Parker, Captain Charnock, and Captain Porter.

On a beautiful afternoon, at the latter end of May, 1694, several richly-attired ladies and gentlemen, evidently belonging to the Court, were collected in little groups on the terrace of Saint-Germain, at no great distance from the Pavillon Henri IV.

Constructed by the celebrated Le Nôtre, some nineteen years previously to the date of our story, this magnificent terrace—which is a mile and a half in length, upwards of a hundred feet wide, and supported by an elevated wall with a parapet—commands a beautiful view of the valley of the Seine, embellished by the windings of the river.

Immediately beneath the terrace on the opposite side of the river, is the Bois du Vesinet; on the right are the aqueduct of Marly and Mont Valerien—at that time a Calvary; while in the distance can be distinguished the spires of Saint-Denis, with some portion of Paris itself;—forming, altogether, an incomparably fine prospect.

Built in the twelfth century by Louis le Gros, the old château of Saint-Germain was subsequently occupied by Edward the Black

Prince, who seems to have treated it after the fashion of a conqueror.

Of this ancient structure only the donjon and the chapel are preserved.

The château was repaired and rebuilt in the time of François I., on a grand scale, by Serlio, an Italian architect. The new château was inhabited by Henri II. and by Henri IV., the latter being very fond of the place.

Two monarchs were born in the château—Charles IX. and Louis XIV.—the birth-place of the latter being in the Pavillon Henri IV., which stands at the end of the terrace, overlooking the Seine.

Saint-Germain was for some time a favourite residence of the Grand Monarque, but was abandoned by him because he could descry from it the cathedral of Saint-Denis, which contained the mausoleum of his ancestors.

Though a somewhat gloomy-looking pile, Saint-Germain was still in excellent repair, and well furnished throughout, when James II. became its occupant.

The parterre and gardens were beautifully kept, with walks and alleys quite equal to those of Versailles, but no fountains. The matchless terrace, which was the pride of the palace, was in as good order as when first constructed by Le Nôtre in 1676, and, indeed, James was quite as well accommodated as he could have been at Whitehall or Saint James's.

Moreover, he could ride daily, or hunt the deer in the season, in the vast forest of Saint-Germain, that extended for leagues at the back of the château.

Add to this palatial residence the large sum allowed for his expenses, and some idea will be formed of the manner in which the

exiled king was treated by the magnificent Louis.

But the ladies and gentlemen we have described were not the only persons to be seen on the terrace on the afternoon in question.

Near the entrance of the Pavillon Henri IV. stood a number of pages in white silk doublets and hose, blue velvet mantles, ornamented with silver lace, hats adorned with feathers, and white velvet shoes with pink roses in them.

At the large gates of the palace halberdiers were stationed, and within the court-yard could be seen a party of the French Royal Guard, lent by Louis, in their polished steel cuirasses, buff boots, and broad-leaved feathered hats.

The pages were laughing and jesting, when a very beautiful little boy, who could

not be more than six, came out of the pavilion, and descended the steps.

Saluted very respectfully by the pages, he bowed to them with surprising grace. His habiliments were of white satin, and suited him perfectly, as did the small feathered hat that crowned his blonde locks.

Nothing could he more charming than the manner of this pretty boy, who was no other than James Edward, son of James II., styled at the French Court, and at Saint-Germain, Prince of Wales.

No sooner had the prince set foot on the terrace than he was surrounded by the ladies of the Court, who vied with each other in attentions to him; and he was still in their midst, when two other ladies came forth, preceded by a gentleman usher.

One of them was evidently of hi gher rank than her attendant, and seemed somewhat older. Her figure was stately, and her

beautiful features were lighted up by magnificent black eyes. She was dressed in dark blue velvet, trimmed with silver, and wore a collar of pearls round her neck.

It was Mary of Modena herself, and her attendant was Beatrice Tyldesley.

The few years passed by Beatrice since we last beheld her had heightened her charms, and she might now be considered in the full perfection of her beauty.

A morning costume of white silk displayed her lovely figure to the greatest advantage.

She was rather taller than the queen, and quite as beautiful and graceful, but did not possess so much dignity.

On the queen's appearance, the pages bowed ceremoniously, the ladies curtseyed deeply, and the young prince advanced to meet his mother, made her an obeisance, and

kissed her hand. Nor did he omit to salute Beatrice.

This greeting gone through, the queen commenced her promenade on the terrace, holding the prince by the hand, attended by her ladies, followed by the pages, and preceded by the usher.

She had not gone far when Beatrice, who had been looking back, said to her:

"Captain Crosby has returned, your majesty. He has just come out of the court-yard.

"Are you quite sure it is he?" said the queen.

"Quite sure," replied Beatrice. "I cannot be mistaken."

Upon this the queen stopped, and having satisfied herself that it was really Walter who had made his appearance, she sent a page to bring him to her.

The order was promptly obeyed.

Walter, who was in a riding dress, threw himself at the queen's feet, and kissed the hand she graciously extended to him.

"I am very glad to see you back, Captain Crosby," she said. "I hope you bring good news?"

"Very good news, madam," he replied, as he arose. "Your majesty shall hear all anon. I have much to relate."

"You excite my curiosity," said the queen. "But since you tell me all is well, I can control it."

"Have you letters for me from my father and the colonel, Walter?" inquired Beatrice, in a low voice.

"I have," he replied. "I will give them you anon."

"You have forgotten me, Captain Crosby," said the prince, looking at him.

"Not so, your highness," replied Walter,

making him a profound obeisance and kissing his hand. "I have thought a great deal about your royal highness during my absence, and wish you could have been with me on more than one occasion."

"I hope I shall soon see London again," said the prince.

"Why, are you tired of Saint-Germain?" asked the queen.

"No, but everybody tells me I ought to be at Saint James's."

"So you ought, prince; and so you will be ere long," observed Walter. "The English people are impatient to have you back."

"I am afraid you are deceiving me," said the prince.

"Deceiving you! Why should your royal highness think so?"

"Because some other people tell me quite differently."

"But you may believe what Captain Crosby says," remarked the queen. "He has just returned from England."

"Then he ought to know best," said the prince, laughing. "But how are we to get to London? Must we invade England?"

"I think you are right, prince," replied Walter. "We shall be obliged to adopt that plan."

"But didn't the plan fail when we tried it before?" asked the prince.

"Yes; but there were some reasons for the failure, which I can't very well explain to your royal highness," replied Walter. "But I hope they won't exist when another attempt is made."

"I hope not," remarked the queen, significantly. "But let us move on. Don't retire, Captain Crosby; I have more to say to you."

"And so have I!" cried the young prince, taking his hand.

The queen and her attendants had not proceeded very far, when two persons were seen approaching the terrace from a side-walk communicating with the parterre.

One of them was very tall ; and though he could not be correctly described as well formed, since his limbs seemed put loosely together, he was a fine-looking man, and had a majestic deportment.

His features were handsome, strongly marked, and stamped with melancholy. His eyes, though large and fine, lacked lustre, while the long black peruke that flowed over his shoulders heightened the pallid hue of his complexion. His habiliments were of black velvet, richly embroidered, his long neckcloth was edged with the finest Flanders lace, and his hat adorned with white

feathers. He had a sword by his side, and a cane in his hand.

It is almost needless to say that this was the exiled monarch, James II.

With the king was one of his ministers, Lord Melford; a tall, handsome man, of middle age, richly dressed in the French fashion, and wearing a large powdered peruke.

Lord Melford's cheerfulness of expression contrasted strongly with the king's gloomy air.

On seeing the queen, James, who was walking very slowly, stopped and sat down on a bench, well knowing she would come to him.

Mary at once comprehended his wishes. Quitting her attendants, and taking only Beatrice and Captain Crosby with her, she descended a short flight of stone steps, and

proceeded to the bench on which the king was seated.

Lord Melford met her as she came on, and ceremoniously conducted her to the king, who arose and placed her by his side.

By the queen's orders, Beatrice remained at a little distance with the prince; but Walter advanced, and was very graciously received by the king.

III.

KING JAMES REFUSES TO SANCTION THE PLAN PROPOSED BY CAPTAIN CROSBY.

"I AM glad to see you have got back, Captain Crosby," said James. "Are all my friends in Lancashire as devoted to me as ever?"

"I have not found one whose ardent loyalty has cooled, my liege," replied Walter. "All the Jacobites in the North are ready to rise whenever the signal shall be given them by your majesty. Every possible preparation has been made."

"I am sorry to check their ardour," said James, "but I do not think the present juncture favourable for a rising."

"Your majesty is right. We must wait," observed Lord Melford, who was standing near the king. "Some event may suddenly occur that will entirely change the aspect of affairs, and then the invasion will be certain of success."

"Such is the general opinion," observed Walter. "Before the rising takes place, the usurper must be removed."

"I will consent to no such plan," said James. "I will never owe the recovery of my kingdom to an assassination."

"Assassination is not intended, my liege," said Walter.

"What, then, is intended?" demanded the king, regarding him fixedly.

"Capture and imprisonment," replied Walter.

"But how can they be effected?" said James.

"Several plans have been proposed," replied Walter, "which I will explain with your majesty's permission."

"No," rejoined James; "I do not desire to hear them."

"But unless your majesty will sanction some plan of the kind, I fear the invasion must be abandoned," said Walter.

"Be it so," rejoined the king, coldly.

"No, no!" cried the queen. "Your majesty must not thus disappoint your faithful adherents. You must authorise this plan."

"I cannot conscientiously do so," rejoined James.

"Consult Father Petre, my liege," said the queen, in a low voice. "He will remove your scruples."

James made no reply.

The queen signed to Beatrice to bring forward the Prince of Wales.

The king embraced the youthful prince as he came up.

"For your son's sake your majesty must regain your kingdom," whispered the queen. "And there is no other way but this. Would you like to return to England?" she added to the prince.

"Very much!" he replied. "Captain Crosby tells me the people want to have me back."

"I am not certain of that," said his royal father; "you had better stay where you are. You are safe here."

"But shall I not one day be King of England?" asked the prince.

"I hope so," replied James. "But I cannot answer for it. Circumstances may prevent you."

"But your majesty will leave me the crown—will you not?" cried the prince.

"I will if I can," replied James, surprised and displeased. "But you must not expect it."

So saying, he arose; and the queen, who did not venture to make any further remark, from the fear of adding to his displeasure, arose at the same time.

The royal pair then proceeded towards the terrace, with the Prince of Wales walking between them.

At a sign from the queen, Lord Melford placed himself on her majesty's left.

Beatrice and Captain Crosby followed, and had now an opportunity for converse.

"I hope you have sometimes bestowed a thought upon me during my absence, dearest Beatrice?" he said.

"I have thought of you constantly," she replied; "and have felt great anxiety as to your safety."

"I have had more than one narrow escape," he rejoined. "But I think some good angel protects me."

"I hope it may always be so," she said. "But tell me truly, do you really believe the prospects of our party are promising?"

"Most certainly!" he replied. "We are stronger and more united than ever. But we have one great difficulty: unless William can be removed, the insurrection will fail. He is omnipotent with the Protestant party, who will fight to the death for him. A battle must not be hazarded, for, should we lose it, the Jacobites would be utterly crushed. Now, with William against us in person we can scarcely hope for success,

for even we must allow that he is a far better general than our king."

"Far more fortunate, you should say, Walter," remarked Beatrice.

"No; I adhere to my opinion. William, I repeat, must be removed!"

"But not assassinated, Walter!"

"It will be quite sufficient if he is prevented from commanding his army. But let us speak of our own prospects. They are but little brighter than they were. Our union seems just as far off as ever. Already we have waited five years, and it seems we must wait five years more."

"Alas! it is so," she replied. "But the queen is very kind to me, and I ought to be happy here. My main anxiety is on your account, Walter."

"Do not expect me to change," he said. "I shall continue to run all hazards for

King James, and undertake whatever he enjoins."

"I applaud your resolution, Walter, and trust your devotion may be rewarded."

No more passed between them.

Their majesties had now gained the terrace, where they found their attendants waiting for them.

IV.

HENDRIK VANDAALEN.

JAMES had intended to return at once to the château, but was easily induced by the queen to prolong his walk.

Although he preferred the privacy of the garden, the gaiety of the scene pleased him, and he was gratified by the marked respect shown him by the crowd, that by this time had collected on the terrace.

Many of these were his former subjects, who had followed him into exile,

and now resided at Saint-Germain, but a great number of French persons were mingled with them, and these were quite as demonstrative as the English—perhaps more so.

As James, however, walked on, the terrace became less crowded, for the assemblage did not follow him—until, at length, the royal party had it almost to themselves.

Occasionally, the king paused to look at the beautiful valley beneath him; and whenever he did so, he took the prince in his arms to show him the windings of the Seine, or point out some object of interest to him.

When the cathedral of Saint Denis was shown him, the prince remarked:

"That is where the kings of France are buried, is it not, sire?"

James replied in the affirmative.

"Where are the kings of England buried?" was the prince's next inquiry.

"Your sainted grandsire, Charles I., was interred in Saint George's Chapel, at Windsor Castle," replied the king, gloomily.

Fearing some further indiscreet question might be asked, the queen here interposed, and the prince was set down.

The king was about to continue his walk, when a man in a half-military dress—laced red coat, and feathered hat—rather short in stature, and stoutly built, who had posted himself at a little distance, and was evidently watching his opportunity, came quickly forward, and though Lord Melford bade him stand back, presented a paper to the king.

James declined to receive the petition, for such he naturally supposed it; but instead of retiring, the person suddenly drew forth a poniard, and endeavoured to plunge it into the king's breast.

But ere he could accomplish his atrocious purpose, his hand was seized, and the up-

lifted weapon wrested from his grasp by Walter Crosby, who was standing behind the king.

All this was the work of a few moments, and James was only aware of the attack on his life when he became conscious of his deliverance.

His majesty did not lose his self-possession, but the queen, who beheld the attempt, was greatly terrified, and uttered a cry, as did Beatrice, who likewise saw the uplifted weapon.

The young prince screamed with fright, and for a moment there was some confusion. Courtiers and ladies pressed forward, but were kept back.

Lord Melford had drawn his sword to prevent the escape of the assassin; but the man, when he found his design frustrated, did not endeavour to fly, but seemed reconciled to his fate, and merely ejaculated:

"Heaven is against me!"

"Who art thou, villain? And what has induced thee to make this dastardly attempt on my life?" demanded James of the assassin, who was carefully guarded by Walter Crosby.

"Who has employed thee?" said Lord Melford. "Torture shall force thee to speak."

"Put me to the rack, and try," rejoined the man, firmly.

"Wilt thou confess if I pardon thee?" demanded James.

The man looked at the king doubtfully.

"Your majesty does not mean this," he said.

"If I promise thee pardon, I will keep my word," rejoined the king.

"Wert thou hired by the usurper, William of Orange?" asked the queen.

"Will my life be spared, if I speak?" said the captive.

"It will," replied the queen.

"Then I will own that my employer was the King of England," said the man.

All around looked horror-stricken by the response.

"Thou art sure of it?" cried the king.

"I can prove what I assert," replied the man.

"How art thou named?" asked James.

"Hendrik Vandaalen, sire," replied the man.

"Then thou art a Hollander?" said the king.

"I am from Rotterdam, your majesty," replied Vandaalen.

Even the king seemed startled.

"This is a strange discovery," observed the queen.

"I must interrogate him in private," said

James. "Let him be taken at once to the château," he added to Lord Melford.

"It shall be done, my liege," replied his lordship.

By this time a guard had come up. The prisoner, whose arms were fastened behind his back, was placed in their midst, and removed. Walter, by Lord Melford's orders, accompanied the party.

If Vandaalen had not been protected from the fury of the crowd, he would not have reached the château alive.

The king followed slowly with the royal party, and was received with acclamations. Every expression of sympathy was manifested by the throng for the queen and the young prince.

An express was immediately despatched to Versailles by Lord Melford, to acquaint King Louis with the occurrence.

V.

VANDAALEN IS INTERROGATED BY KING JAMES.

On his return to the château, James immediately proceeded to the chapel, to return thanks for his preservation.

He was accompanied by the queen, Beatrice, Lord Melford, and some others, and mass was performed by his chaplain, the Reverend Edward Scarisbrick.

On returning to the large hall where he held his Court, the king found the Earl of Aylesbury, Lord Montgomery, and a great

number of gentlemen assembled to congratulate him on his providential escape.

Among these were Sir John Fenwick, Sir John Friend, Sir William Perkins, Colonel Tempest, Sir George Berkeley, Mr. Curzon, Captain Robert Charnock, and several other devoted Jacobites.

As soon as James had seated himself in a fauteuil, they bent the knee before him, and each in succession kissed his hand, and vowed to avenge him.

James was greatly touched by their devotion.

"After this infamous attempt, no terms can be held with the usurper, my liege," said the Earl of Aylesbury.

"Yes; I am quite of that opinion now, sire," said Lord Montgomery.

"Since the attempt has been prevented, I am not sorry it has occurred," said Sir

John Fenwick. "It will have removed your majesty's scruples."

"Not entirely," said James.

"I hoped it might have done, my liege," said Sir William Perkins. "Then we should have been free to act."

"Has your majesty interrogated the Dutch assassin?" inquired Sir John Friend.

"Not yet," replied the king. "But he owns he was employed by the Prince of Orange."

"Enough, my liege," said Captain Charnock. "We want nothing more."

"Because the Prince of Orange has shown himself capable of such an act, there is no reason why I should," said the king. "Rather the contrary. I pardoned the assassin in order to elicit the truth."

"And having learnt it, your majesty will know how to act," said Sir John Fenwick.

"But I must be quite sure I have heard the truth before I decide," said James.

Just then, Lord Melford and Walter Crosby entered the hall.

In reply to a question from the king, Lord Melford said that on searching the prisoner carefully nothing whatever had been found upon him. He had no money in his pocket, and declined to give any account of himself, except that he had come from Paris.

"Let him be brought before me," said the king." "I will interrogate him here."

The injunction was obeyed by Walter Crosby, and in another minute Vandaalen appeared, guarded by a couple of halberdiers.

He had now quite regained his composure, and seemed very resolute.

Walter Crosby stood near him, with his drawn sword in his hand.

"Do you adhere to your confession?" demanded the king.

"I do, sire," replied Vandaalen. "I have told all, and have nothing to retract."

"But you were not engaged in this atrocious scheme by the Prince of Orange himself?"

"Your pardon, sire," replied the prisoner. "I saw him at Kensington Palace, and he told me, if I desired to do him a service, I must go to Saint-Germain, and rid him of an enemy. If I succeeded, I should be well rewarded."

Exclamations of anger from those around could not be repressed.

"What proof have you of the truth of your statement?" demanded James.

"None, sire. I have destroyed all my papers, except that which I presented to your majesty, and it was fabricated for the purpose."

"I know not what credit to attach to this," observed James to the Earl of Aylesbury and Lord Melford, who were standing near him.

"Do not let him go, my liege," said Lord Melford. "Consult King Louis before you part with him.

"It shall be so," replied James. "Keep him in close confinement; but let him be well treated."

The prisoner was then removed.

Doubts as to his veracity were expressed by the Earl of Aylesbury and some others, but the majority of those present thought he had spoken the truth.

Shortly afterwards, the officer who had been sent to Versailles returned, and stated that it had not been necessary for him to proceed to the palace, since he had met King Louis in his coach driving to Saint-

Germain; and had told his majesty what had occurred.

He added that the king had sent him back, bidding him say to his royal brother that he would be with him presently.

"Was his majesty unattended?" inquired James.

"No, sire," replied the officer. "Madame de Maintenon and two other ladies were with him, and there were two other carriages."

"Let the queen be informed at once," said James to a gentleman in waiting.

He then proceeded to his cabinet, attended only by Lord Melford.

VI.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

SHORTLY afterwards a loud noise was heard without, trumpets were blown, drums beaten, the guard was formed, and a great number of gentlemen, lackeys, and pages came forth, as a magnificent coach, drawn by four milk-white horses, splendidly harnessed in morocco leather, ornamented with gold, drove up to the entrance.

From this superb carriage alighted the great monarch himself, very richly and very becomingly attired in habiliments of

white satin, embroidered with gold, and wearing a long flowing peruke, surmounted by a feathered hat.

Louis was then fifty-six, but bore himself with such surpassing dignity and grace, that it seemed as if he could not have looked better at an earlier date.

As yet he had experieneed none of the misfortunes that had marked the decline of his long and brilliant reign; for though he had encountered some reverses, they had in no respect affected him, and he had added more to the glory of France than any previous monarch.

It has been truly said of this great king that the word "majesty" was created for him, since no monarch was ever so majestic, or displayed truer grandeur under the most trying circumstances.

Well did he deserve the title of "Le

Grand," since under his rule France became the greatest of European nations.

Science, letters, poetry, painting, divinity —all received encouragement from the great king. His was the age of Bossuet, of Pascal, Bourdaloue, La Bruyère, Malebranche. It was also the age of Masillon, of Fenelon, Boileau, Racine, Moliére, La Fontaine, Quinault, and Madame de Sevigné. Can such a galaxy be found at any other time? So many eloquent preachers, so many philosophers, so many poets, and three incomparable dramatists—only surpassed by Shakspeare himself—Corneille, Racine, and Moliére. Then we have the sculptors, Girardon and Puget, the paintings of Lebrun and Lesueur, and the gardens of Lenôtre.

Amongst the illustrious men of the epoch were the great Condé, the Duke de la Roche-

foucauld, the Marshal de Vivonne, the President Lamnignon, and the Duke de Montansier.

Louis XIV., it has been said, gave a new lustre to the French Academy by the honourable distinctions he conferred upon it. Within twenty years he founded the Academies of Painting and Sculpture, of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, of Sciences, of the Elèves of Rome, constructed the Observatory of Paris, and the Botanic Garden.

He granted pensions to many foreign savans; directed the voyages of Tournefort; continued the Louvre; and erected the admirable façade of the finest palace in the universe.

Of his princely munificence we have a proof before us in his treatment of the exiled James II., to whom he continued the same to the last.

With regard to palaces, we must not forget that Versailles—with which no other palace can compare—was erected by him, and that the wonderful Canal du Midi, which unites the Mediterranean with the Atlantic, was executed in his reign.

Truly, he was a great king, and deserves more honour than he has received from the nation over which he ruled.

VII.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Louis waited to give his hand to Madame de Maintenon, and led her through a double row of attendants into the vestibule, where they were met by the Earl of Aylesbury, Lord Montgomery, Sir John Fenwick, Father Petre, and several other English gentlemen of importance, who were then residing at Saint-Germain.

Though Madame de Maintenon was then nearly sixty, she had successfully resisted the advances of age, and still preserved her

stately figure and fine expression of countenance. Her dress was of white satin, almost without ornament, and several rows of stiffened lace upon her head, forming what was called a "tower," with lappets streaming over her shoulders.

It was perfectly known that she was privately married to the king, who always treated her with the greatest respect, and required equal respect to be shown her by all others, yet she took no rank in public, and was content to appear as a lady of the Court.

She was generally attended, as on the present occasion, by two young ladies, Démoiselles de Saint Cyr, belonging to the establishment which she had founded for the benefit of certain noble but poor damsels, which the king had endowed with rich revenues.

As the king's consort (if not publicly

acknowledged as queen), Madame de Maintenon became aware of all secrets of State, was often present at the meetings of ministers, and gave her opinion upon important affairs; her judgment being considered excellent, while important posts were often bestowed upon her recommendation.

As far as can be ascertained, the counsels she gave the king were always good, though they might not be always followed.

As a very devout Catholic, she was naturally bigoted, and it was said by the Huguenots that she was instrumental in obtaining the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and no doubt she would willingly have seen all France compelled to exercise only the religion of Rome.

"It does not appear that Madame de Maintenon had the slightest desire to be declared queen," wrote a lady of Saint Cyr.

"The paraphernalia of royalty would have displeased her, while the jealousy and hatred of princes would have been a constant torment to her." "You are not delicate," said this lady to her one day. "You are not like the great." "It is because I am not great," replied Madame de Maintenon. "I am only elevated."

And she thus paints her feelings in a letter to Madame de la Maisonfort:

"Do you not see that I am dying of sadness amid a fortune which was greater than I could conceive, and it is only by the help of Heaven that I have not succumbed? I have been young and handsome. I have enjoyed pleasure. I have been everywhere admired when I was somewhat older. I have obtained favour; and I protest to you that all these states have left a terrible void

in my breast. I envy you your solitude and your tranquility, and I do not wonder that Queen Christine quitted her throne to live with greater freedom."

Madame de Maintenon was much attached to Mary of Modena, by whom she was always treated with the respect due to a queen.

In the same coach with Louis and Madame de Maintenon were the Abbé Gobelin and Madame de la Maisonfort.

In the second coach was Barbésieux, Marquis de le Tellier, Minister and Secretary of State, and two other ladies of the Court.

After a brief pause, Madame de Maintenon and the ladies with her were ceremoniously conducted to the queen; while Louis and Barbésieux were taken to the

king's private cabinet by Lord Melford and Walter Crosby.

When the door of the cabinet was thrown open, James came forward, and embraced his royal brother.

VIII.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE TWO MONARCHS.

AFTER regarding each other for a few minutes with feelings of almost fraternal affection, the two monarchs sat down side by side, while the Marquis de le Tellier, Lord Melford, and Captain Crosby stood apart.

"Your majesty has had a narrow escape," remarked Louis. "I do not think well of the Prince of Orange, but I did not deem him capable of an act like this."

"I owe my life to this young man,

sire," said James, glancing at Captain Crosby. "But for him, the dagger hired by William would probably have reached my heart."

"But does your majesty feel certain the assassin was hired by the Prince of Orange?"

"The villain has confessed, sire."

"Yes, on the promise of pardon. But can he produce any proof of the truth of his assertion?"

"None, sire."

"Then I should refuse to believe him," said Louis. "I feel certain the assassin has deceived your majesty, and that his motives for the deed must be sought elsewhere. Only one thing is certain—he has attempted your majesty's life."

"I almost regret having pardoned him, sire."

"You were too hasty, brother. But you

are not bound by a promise into which you were entrapped. The man ought to be executed; but, under the circumstances, we will modify the sentence, and send him to the galleys."

"Perhaps I ought to object," said James.

"No," rejoined Louis; "you have already done too much. Let the sentence be carried out," he added to Barbésieux.

"The assassin shall be sent to Dieppe, sire," replied the marquis.

"What news does Captain Crosby bring from England?" observed Louis. "Are the Jacobites ready to rise in the North?"

"It appears there is still a difficulty, sire," replied James.

"What is it?" said Louis, addressing himself to Captain Crosby.

"The Protestant party is still too strong, sire," replied Walter. "Our friends are unwilling to make any attempt that might

end in failure. To insure success, they say, the Prince of Orange must be absent."

"But his absence could not be insured, unless he was forcibly detained," observed Louis.

"That is what they say, sire," replied Walter. "They would have him removed."

"Ha!" exclaimed Louis, "I can be no party to such a scheme; nor can I allow it to be proposed to me. On your return to England you can tell your friends what I say. I have not abandoned the design of an invasion of their country, with the object of restoring their king to his throne, but they *must* proceed by honourable means."

"That is what I feel, sire," observed James.

"That some event may occur which

would render the invasion certain of success is possible," said Louis; "and we must wait for it."

"The opportunity will be found, I doubt not, sire," said James.

"And I shall always be ready to take advantage of it," said Louis. "And now let us go to the queen," he added, rising.

James arose at the same time, and the two monarchs with their attendants proceeded to the grand saloon, where they found Mary of Modena, with Madame de Maintenon seated on a fauteuil beside her.

By this time, all the important personages then staying at Saint-Germain had assembled, and Louis most graciously acknowledged their salutations as he went on to the queen, who rose to receive him, and prayed him to take a seat on a fauteuil near her. James went through a

similar ceremony with Madame de Maintenon.

Undoubtedly the exiled king, as well as his queen, had a warm friend in this illlustrious lady, who always promoted their interests with Louis.

Madame de Maintenon had been greatly shocked at what she regarded as a sacrilegious attempt upon the life of James, and firmly believed it had been planned by King William. She had been discussing the matter with Mary of Modena, who entertained the same opinion, and they both agreed that as William had been guilty of the impious act of rebellion against his father-in-law, he would not hesitate to authorise the king's assassination. She thought James had done wrong to pardon the assassin, as such leniency would encourage another attempt.

"I fear we have spies among us," remarked James; "though I have been unable to detect them."

"You should look for them among the most important of your guests," observed Madame de Maintenon, significantly; "and if you cannot charge them with treachery, at least let them feel you suspect it."

"I will act upon your suggestion, madame," said James; "and if I make any discovery I will let you know."

Meanwhile, Louis continued to converse with the queen.

"I must tell your majesty," he said, "what I could not say to the king, your husband, of the extreme affliction it would have caused me if this infamous design upon his life had succeeded. Nothing would have given me so much pain. But Heaven has guarded him, and I doubt not will continue to guard him—so that,

despite the efforts of his enemies, I shall be able to re-establish him on the throne. I know that the Protestant party is more powerful and more numerous in England than the Catholic; but by strong repressive measures it can be so controlled as to be no longer dangerous."

"I pray that those days may speedily arrive, sire," said the queen. "If the king, my husband, should regain the throne, he will owe it entirely to your majesty."

"Say no more, madame," rejoined Louis. "I love King James as a brother, and shall ever act as a brother towards him."

Just then, he perceived the young prince standing at a little distance with Beatrice, and earnestly regarding him. He therefore signed to him, and the prince immediately came up, and made a reverence.

"Come nearer, prince," said Louis, graciously taking his hand; "I have a few

questions to ask you. You saw what occurred on the terrace?"

"Yes, sire," replied the prince; "and I was terribly frightened."

"But you need not have been alarmed. You ought to have felt sure that Heaven would preserve the good king, your father. He is not destined to die yet. His work is unfinished. He has to go back to England — to punish his rebellious subjects, and reward those who have continued faithful to him."

"My royal father's subjects are not so obedient as your majesty's," observed the prince.

"They have not been so strictly governed," said Louis. "Had they been treated with proper severity, they would not have acted thus."

"I will remember what you say, sire,

and act accordingly—should I ever succeed to the throne."

Louis seemed pleased with the response, and smiled approvingly at the prince.

Immediately afterwards he took leave of the queen. Formal as was the ceremony, it was easy to be seen that he had a great regard for her majesty.

As he passed forth, attended by Lord Melford and the Earl of Aylesbury, he paused several times to exchange a few words with some of the English gentlemen assembled in the grand saloon.

Amongst those whom he thus distinguished were Sir John Fenwick, Sir John Friend, and Colonel Tempest, and all three appeared highly gratified by his notice.

Madame de Maintenon was conducted to her coach by James, and at once took her

seat inside it. The Abbé Gobelin and Madame de la Maisonfort had not alighted.

Louis lingered for a few moments to bid adieu to his royal brother, and said, as he stepped into the carriage:

"I hope soon to see your majesty and the queen at Versailles."

Again trumpets were blown and drums beaten, and amid these inspiriting sounds the royal equipages departed.

IX.

WALTER EXHIBITS GROUNDLESS JEALOUSY.

WALTER CROSBY had hoped to have a long interview with Beatrice that evening, but he was disappointed.

The queen did not quit her own apartments, except to attend mass, and Beatrice could not leave her. Walter saw them both in the gallery of the chapel, and that was his sole consolation.

Next morning, however, he was rewarded. At an early hour, he repaired to the garden, with some slight hope that he might meet

her there. Nor had he to wait long before she appeared.

"I was sorry I could not see you last evening, Walter," she said; "but it was quite impossible; and lest I might be again prevented later on in the day, I came here at this early hour. I thought you would seek our former place of rendezvous. I have now something to tell you," she went on, assuming a grave expression. "The queen made a communication to me last night, which I cannot withhold from you. It appears that a Jacobite gentleman of rank, now staying at the château, has chosen to fall in love with me, and has asked the queen's permission to offer me his hand in marriage. I shall not tell you who it is."

"It is needless to do so," interrupted Walter. "The person you allude to is Lord Montgomery. I felt sure from his

lordship's manner towards you yesterday that he is in love with you."

"Then you are a quicker observer than I am myself, for I had perceived no sign of the tender passion about him."

"I can scarcely credit that," said Walter. "I instinctively felt I had a rival."

"I do not wish to rouse your jealousy," said Beatrice. "But you must own that Lord Montgomery is a fine, chivalrous young nobleman."

"And possesses everything calculated to captivate a young damsel's heart," added Walter. "Yes, I see it all. I comprehend how infinitely superior his lordship is to me in every respect except one. He cannot love you as well as I do."

"The queen says he does."

"Her majesty is wrong. But if you prefer him—if you are influenced by his rank— I am willing to retire in his favour."

"You mean this seriously, Walter?" she said, rather piqued.

"I mean it seriously," he replied.

"I must consult her majesty before I give a decided answer."

"No; you must decide now. I will not be trifled with. You are free to act. Choose this young lord. You shall hear no reproaches from me."

"I begin to think you have never really loved me, Walter, or you could not talk thus lightly of resigning me to another."

"I *have* loved you, but I shall know how to conquer my passion. Again I say you are free."

"Then I take you at your word," she cried, angrily. "You cannot be surprised if I obey the queen."

"I shall not be surprised at anything you do," he rejoined, bitterly. "All is now at an end between us."

"Enough!" she cried.

And without trusting herself to look at him, she hurried away.

Scarcely was she gone, than Walter repented what he had done. All the jealous feelings that had prompted him to act thus vanished in an instant.

As she had not yet gained the palace, he speeded after her, but could not overtake her. He called, but she did not turn her head.

X.

THE FOREST OF SAINT-GERMAIN.

JAMES II. delighted in the Forest of Saint-Germain, and rode almost daily within it, either alone or accompanied by the queen and the principal personages of his Court.

This noble forest, one of the largest in France, and at that time well stocked with deer, covered the high ground in the vicinity of the château, and afforded an endless variety of beautiful rides and drives through its avenues and groves.

Though much frequented, the forest had some solitary places, where even the rangers and keepers rarely penetrated, owing to the thickness of the underwood; while many strangers, who ventured too far from the paths, found it difficult to get back without a guide.

In the very heart of the forest was an old hunting-lodge, built by Francis I., and used by Henri IV., called the Pavillon de la Muette, where hounds were kept, and where some of the veneurs and piqueurs were lodged.

James always made this pavilion his rendezvous when he hunted; and even when merely taking exercise he generally rode thither.

Undoubtedly, the forest had a special attraction to him, and his rides within it almost reconciled him to his exile.

On the morning in question a numerous

and brilliant party, consisting of their majesties and the principal personages of the Court, all set forth from the château, and proceeded to the forest.

The day was fine, and favourable for the expedition. The queen, who wore a very becoming riding-dress, was mounted on a Spanish barb, and managed her spirited steed with consummate skill.

By her majesty's side rode the young prince, on a remarkably handsome pony; and with her were her maids of honour, all of whom were charmingly attired, and provided with palfreys. By far the loveiest of the little troop was Beatrice.

Besides, there were several other ladies in attendance upon the queen, the most noticeable among them being Lady Mary Fenwick.

James rode in front, and near him were Lord Melford and Sir John Fen-

wick, with whom he was engaged in conversation.

The rest of the party comprised the Earl of Aylesbury, who filled the office of grand-veneur, Lord Montgomery, Sir William Perkins, Sir John Friend, and several others. Nor must we omit to particularise Walter Crosby.

Something in this order, the party set forth, but it had not proceeded far when the Earl of Aylesbury and Lord Montgomery fell back — the former to pay his devoirs to the queen, the latter to devote himself to Beatrice.

A great number of mounted attendants, in the royal livery, brought up the rear of the cavalcade.

They had now entered the forest, and for some time rode slowly along a road cut through the trees, which were mostly of large size and great age.

In some places, these old denizens of the forest flung their gigantic arms across the road, and formed an arch over the heads of the gaily-attired chasseurs — presenting a very striking picture. Here and there, a glade opened on the right or left, at the further end of which a herd of deer could be distinguished.

As the party gradually ascended towards the brow of the hill, the windings of the Seine through the valley could be occasionally descried on the right; but generally the magnificent prospect was hidden by the trees.

After pursuing a direct course for some time, the king turned off on the left, and, quickening his pace, soon reached a beautiful natural lawn of some extent, in the midst of which stood the old Pavillon de la Muette, with its stables and kennels.

Before James came to a halt, he was overtaken by the young prince, who galloped after him, and shouted with delight as he passed his royal sire, and got first to the pavilion.

The king seemed unwilling to dismount, and waited the arrival of the queen, who presently came up with her ladies and attendants.

Finding she wished to alight, he made no objections, and the whole party entered the pavilion, leaving their steeds to the care of the numerous attendants.

Within the pavilion was a large and lofty hall, decorated with stags' horns and implements of the chase, and boasting an immense chimney-piece, carved with the arms of Francis I.

In the midst of the hall was a long table, on which refreshments and wines were placed.

As soon as this slight repast was over, the king, with Lord Melford, Sir John Fenwick, and some others, went to look at the hounds, whose loud and continuous baying could be heard without. The queen followed with the Lady Mary Fenwick, attended by the Earl of Aylesbury, and close behind her majesty came Beatrice Tyldesley and Lord Montgomery.

By the king's order, the hounds had been let out of the kennel, and though they were kept in as much restraint as possible by the whips of the huntsmen, some confusion ensued among the ladies, several of whom hastily retreated.

Beatrice being separated from the queen by this incident, Lord Montgomery seized the opportunity of saying a few words to her in private.

"I have already told you how passion-

ately I love you, fair Beatrice," he said. "My future happiness entirely depends on you. Pronounce my doom."

"My desire would be to make you happy, my lord," she rejoined. "But——"

"Nay, let there be no doubt, I beseech you," he interrupted. And taking her hand, he pressed it to his lips, ere she could prevent him.

"Give me an answer as we return to the château!" he implored.

"I cannot, my lord," she rejoined.

"Nay, you must — you shall!" he exclaimed.

As she raised her eyes, she beheld Walter, who was standing at a little distance, gazing at her reproachfully.

"I cannot listen to you longer, my lord," she said. "I must return to the queen."

"I see who has interrupted us," cried Lord Montgomery, glancing at Walter as he spoke. "But do not trouble yourself about him. Leave him to me. Promise me an answer as we return, and I shall be content."

"I can give you no other answer than I have done already, my lord," she rejoined. "Again I must pray you to take me to the queen."

"I will take you to her majesty," cried Walter.

And seizing her hand, he led her towards the queen, who was now at the other end of the court.

They were quickly followed by Lord Montgomery, whose cheek was flushed with anger.

The queen looked surprised when she beheld Beatrice come back thus escorted.

But she made no remark, and Walter at once relinquished his place to the young noble, though Beatrice by her looks besought her offended lover to remain.

XI.

THE DUEL.

SHORTLY after this it was announced that the king was about to take his departure, and in a very few minutes everybody was in the saddle.

The cavalcade set out on its return in nearly the same order as before, and Lord Montgomery again placed himself beside Beatrice, but she now treated him very coldly. In vain she looked for Walter. He did not appear again.

Though the young noble was thus freed

from the presence of his rival, he was by no means satisfied, but resolved to pick a quarrel with him on the first opportunity.

The royal party did not return as it came, but took a road that led through a different part of the forest.

Not much variety in the scenery—the same long glades—the same majestic trees—and nearly the same views.

But the young prince did not ride beside the queen. For some cause or other, which he did not explain, he chose to accompany Walter Crosby, and talked a great deal to him—questioning him about what he had seen in England, and other matters, in which so young a boy could scarcely be supposed to take an interest.

On their arrival at the château, the young prince insisted on taking Walter to the queen.

"Captain Crosby has given me a great

deal of information that I wanted," he said.

Her majesty smiled, and looked much pleased.

An opportunity of making up his quarrel with Beatrice was now offered Walter, but he did not avail himself of it.

He did not aid her to alight from her steed, but allowed Lord Montgomery to perform that office—nor did he attempt to exchange a word with her before she entered the queen's apartments.

On quitting the court-yard, he proceeded to the terrace, where he found Captain Charnock, and joined him.

They were walking together when Sir John Fenwick made his appearance, and hastened towards them.

Almost suspecting his errand, Walter stopped, and next moment Sir John came

up, and bowing formally, delivered him a billet.

Walter read it, and then turning to Captain Charnock, who had likewise stopped, said to him:

"I have a message from Lord Montgomery. May I count upon you?"

"Certainly," replied Charnock. "I will act for you with great pleasure. But is there no chance of arranging the matter?"

"None whatever," replied Walter, peremptorily. "Say to your principal, Sir John," he added to Fenwick, "that I will meet him early to-morrow morning. I leave the matter in your hands and in those of Captain Charnock."

And, with another very formal bow, he departed.

"This is an unpleasant affair, Sir John," observed Charnock; "and I am very sorry

for it. But it cannot be helped, and let us hope there may be no fatal result which would be painful to both of us."

"I share your feelings, Captain Charnock," said Fenwick. "I shall be very much concerned if anything serious should happen, and wish I could prevent a meeting; but Lord Montgomery is resolved to fight, so the duel must take place. I propose, therefore, that the two antagonists meet at six o'clock to-morrow morning in yonder garden and settle their differences."

"Agreed," cried Captain Charnock. "We will meet, as appointed, to-morrow morning in the garden of the château, and walk on till we find a sufficiently retired spot for our purpose."

With a formal bow on either side, they then separated.

As Walter returned to the château, he met Beatrice, who had just come forth.

Coldly saluting her, he would have passed on without a word, but she stopped him.

"I have been looking for you, Walter," she said, earnestly. "I want to speak to you. "I am afraid you are about to have a hostile meeting with Lord Montgomery. Answer me! Is it so?"

"Why should you trouble yourself about me?" he rejoined. "It can matter nothing to you what befalls me."

"You know better, Walter; and it is very cruel in you to talk thus. I should be miserable if anything were to happen to you on my account."

"Then make yourself easy. Nothing is likely to happen to me."

"You are deceiving me, Walter; I am sure you are. Will you promise not to fight a duel with Lord Montgomery?"

"No; you have no right to ask for such a promise."

"Until to-day you would have obeyed my slightest wish, Walter. How is it you have so completely changed?"

"Because you have ceased to love me."

"You are mistaken, Walter. I love you better than ever."

He shook his head incredulously.

"You cannot impose upon me now," he said.

"Listen to me, Walter!" she cried. "I am the same I have ever been to you."

"Then you never loved me," he rejoined. "But it is useless to prolong this interview. I know you have given your heart to another, and I must bear the blow as I can. Adieu!"

"No, Walter, you shall not leave me till you promise to forego this duel."

"I will make no promise," he rejoined, breaking from her, and walking quickly away.

Captain Charnock was the first to appear next morning.

Soon after five o'clock, he might be seen on the terrace, as if he had come forth for an early walk.

He had only taken two or three short turns, when he was joined by Walter Crosby, and, after mutual salutations, they moved on in a leisurely manner, so as not to attract the attention of the guard.

Each had a sword by his side, while Walter had changed his customary riding-dress for a much lighter coat, which could not interfere with his movements.

Captain Charnock seemed wholly unconcerned, and laughed and talked as if nothing was about to happen. Walter seemed almost equally indifferent.

After walking for some little time on the terrace, they perceived their adversaries at

a distance, and immediately descended to the garden.

Ere long they entered a covered walk, that brought them to a retired lawn in the midst of a bosquet, exactly adapted to their purpose.

Here they awaited the arrival of the others, who very shortly made their appearance, and as soon as they stepped on the lawn, formal salutations were exchanged.

Captain Charnock's first inquiry of Sir John was whether the ground suited him, and an answer was given very courteously in the affirmative.

Charnock might have made a final attempt at an amicable arrangement, even at this late stage of the affair, but Lord Montgomery's haughty looks deterred him.

All preliminaries being speedily arranged, the two adversaries took up a position, drew their swords, and advanced.

Saluting each other gracefully—each removing his hat with his left hand—they made the customary appeal with the foot, and engaged.

In commencing the assault, Walter made a slight step backward, presenting his point at his adversary's breast, and when the other came forward, forced upon his blade, and obliged him to thrust carte. He then simply parried, and returned carte.

It very soon became evident to the experienced seconds who were carefully watching the encounter, that Captain Crosby was by much the more skilful swordsman of the two. He seemed always to act on the defensive, parried every thrust admirably, and could always have delivered a return, had he been so minded.

Neither of the seconds, therefore, could doubt the issue of the combat, since Lord Montgomery constantly exposed himself,

and they only hoped he might not provoke his adversary to punish him. But Walter continued perfectly calm throughout.

After a time, however, he felt the contest had lasted long enough, and prepared to terminate it.

Parrying a careless carte thrust, as he had parried several others, he advanced his right foot quickly, seized the shell of his adversary's blade with his left hand, and, holding it fast, presented his point to the other's breast, and compelled him to surrender his sword.

No sooner had he obtained possession of the weapon, than he offered it back again; but Lord Montgomery courteously refused it.

"No, no!" cried his lordship; "I will not again use my sword against you. I own myself fairly defeated. You have

used me with the greatest generosity, and I hope we shall never more be enemies."

"I hope not, my lord," replied Walter, taking the young noble's proffered hand.

At this juncture, the seconds, who had hitherto held back, came forward, and complimented Walter on his handsome conduct.

"You have behaved exceedingly well, Captain Crosby," said Sir John Fenwick; "and I am very happy the affair has terminated in this manner."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, Sir John," rejoined Captain Charnock. "Such is my own opinion."

Just then the sound of approaching footsteps was heard in the walk leading to the lawn, and the combatants had scarcely fastened on their swords, when, to the great surprise of the whole party,

the king himself appeared with Lord Melford.

Every hat was instantly removed, and all concerned in the duel bowed deeply to hide their confusion.

"Good morrow, gentlemen!" said James, gravely. "I need not ask what has brought you here at this early hour. Though my orders have been set at nought, I am glad to find no harm has been done."

"None whatever, your majesty," replied Sir John Fenwick. "We have merely been practising a little fencing."

"Bah! that won't pass with me, Sir John," cried tke king. "I have not come here accidentally. I was told that a duel was about to take place in the garden of the château, and I came to prevent it."

"Surely your majesty did not expect a repetition of the fatal duel between Jarnac and Châteigneraie, which took place here-

abouts," said Fenwick. "This, I repeat, was a very harmless affair."

"It has turned out so, Sir John," replied the king, with increased gravity; "and I am very glad of it—but it might have been otherwise. My orders must not be set at defiance."

"We implore your majesty's pardon!" said the two combatants, bowing. "We shall not offend again. We are perfectly reconciled."

"Had you belonged to the Court of King Louis," said James, "you would have been banished for a couple of months. But I will be more lenient. Neither of you must appear at Court for a week!"

"For a week, sire!" exclaimed Lord Montgomery. "We could not exist so long out of the sunshine."

"In that case I must return to England, my liege," said Walter.

"Perhaps some one to whom I may be disposed to listen may intercede for you," said James. "We shall see."

As he turned to depart, he signed to the others to follow him.

What was the surprise of all those engaged in the duel to find that the queen and Beatrice were in the garden!

All that was inexplicable was now quite clear. The king had come to prevent the duel, but arrived too late.

However, no harm was done, and the appearance of the whole party, safe and uninjured, set the queen and her fair maid-of-honour at rest.

James went on first, and explained what had occurred; after which the delinquents were permitted to advance, and having been duly reprimanded by the queen, were again taken into favour.

XII.

ON WHAT MISSION LUNT CAME TO SAINT-GERMAIN.

ABOUT a week after the event just related, an individual arrived at Saint-Germain, who was deemed of sufficient importance to be accorded an interview with the king in his cabinet.

This was John Lunt, one of the persons, it may be remembered, who landed at Cockerham from Dublin, some five years ago, and proceeded immediately to Myerscough Lodge to deliver a commission to Colonel Tyldesley from King James, who

was then in Ireland, besieging Londonderry.

Of Lunt's history since that date little need be said. Constantly employed as a secret agent by the exiled monarch and his ministers, he was in the habit of passing to and fro between France and England, conveying letters and instructions to the Jacobite gentlemen in Lancashire and Cheshire, and bringing back their answers.

In this hazardous occupation he had to assume many disguises, but such was his cleverness and good luck, that although frequently in great danger, he had hitherto managed to escape arrest.

Some suspicions of his perfect fidelity to the cause were entertained, but he still retained the entire confidence of King James and Lord Melford.

Of late, Lunt's circumstances appeared to

have greatly improved. He was much better dressed than heretofore, and had a good deal of money at his disposal.

He easily accounted for this by saying that several of the Jacobite gentlemen, finding him indispensable, paid him much better than they used to do, giving him five guineas where formerly they only gave him one.

Indeed, he made it evident on all hands that he expected higher pay, and would not work without it.

His manner had become more important, and he was not unfrequently insolent. Walter Crosby disliked him and distrusted him, but as he could not prove any acts of treachery on Lunt's part, he held his tongue about him.

On Lunt's arrival at Saint-Germain, he gave it out that he had an important project on hand, but declined to say anything about it till he laid it before his majesty.

Lord Melford easily procured him an audience, as James was anxious to see him, and the interview took place in the royal cabinet.

Besides Lord Melford, there were present Sir John Fenwick, Doctor Bromfield, who was then resident in the palace, Captain Charnock, and Walter Crosby.

Lunt, who wore an embroidered velvet coat, a long flowing peruke and laced neck-cloth, was very graciously received by his majesty, who gave him his hand to kiss, and expressed himself extremely pleased to see him again.

"I am told, Mr. Lunt," said James, "that you have a very important plan to lay before me. I know you are not likely to speak of an ordinary project in such terms, and, therefore, I am impatient to hear it. Let me now say that if the plan turns out as represented, and can be carried

into execution, you, and all those who may be engaged in it, shall be adequately rewarded."

Lunt, who was standing near the table beside which James was seated, bowed profoundly.

Then, assuming a very confident air, and looking at the king as if certain of meeting with his majesty's approval, he thus addressed him:

"What will your majesty say if I and those engaged with me in this great design shall enable you to obtain possession of your Tower of London?"

"I shall say you have accomplished much, sir," replied James. "But you must hold the Tower as well as seize it."

"Your majesty need not fear that," said Lunt. "We hope to take the Tower by surprise, and have been encouraged to make the attempt by discovering that several of

the principal officers of the fortress are devoted to your majesty, and will assist us."

"I was aware that I had some friends in the Tower," observed James. "But go on, sir."

"I must next inform your majesty that we have between five and six thousand men well armed and well disciplined, and these we deem quite sufficient to accomplish our purpose, since, when the rising takes place which we anticipate, their number will certainly be trebled."

"This sounds like rhodomontade, sir," said James. "I did not think we had so large a force in London."

"Nor I, my liege," remarked Lord Melford. "I hope you have warrant for all you assert, sir?" he added to Lunt.

"I shall have several questions to put to

you anon, Mr. Lunt," said James. "But first let me hear how the Tower is to be taken?"

"In this way, your majesty," replied Lunt. "When we are fully prepared, and a day has been fixed for the enterprise, some twelve hundred of our men, dressed like civilians, but secretly armed, will assemble in small parties, so as not to attract attention, on Tower Hill and at the end of Thames-street, and await a signal, which will be given as soon as the outer gates and bridge are secured. This will be easily accomplished by the aid of our friends within the fortress, who will not only admit us, but surrender the guns to us. In less than half an hour we shall be absolute masters of the fortress, and possess a garrison of twelve hundred stout soldiers."

"The plan seems feasible, I must own," said James. "But now to come to the real point. Who are to be the leaders of this attack?"

"Ay, that is the question," added Lord Melford.

"I think I shall satisfy you, my liege," replied Lunt, proudly, "when I mention Lord Feversham, Lord Stafford, Lord Baltimore, and Sir William Goring."

"Truly, those are good names," said the king, "and almost guarantee success."

"Many others are ready to join us," said Lunt. "We trust your majesty will be in Whitehall in a week after we have seized the Tower."

James shook his head somewhat despondingly.

"Not quite so soon, I fear," he said.

"Your majesty has it in your own power

to insure success by a simple stroke," said Lunt.

"I do not understand you, sir," rejoined James.

"Yet Mr. Lunt's meaning is very intelligible, my liege," observed Lord Melford. "He would have the Prince of Orange removed."

"That is my meaning, sire," said Lunt. "Not only is it the opinion of the noble persons I have just mentioned, but all Roman Catholics with whom I have been brought in contact."

"Our enemy might easily be got rid of in Flanders by a deserter from the French army," said Dr. Bromfield. "Indeed, there are hundreds who would readily undertake the task."

"Leave the matter to us, my liege," observed Lord Melford. "Trouble yourself

no more about it. What answer is Mr. Lunt to take to Lord Feversham and the others?"

"I will consider," replied James. "Mr. Lunt is not about to return immediately."

"I shall not remain here long, my liege, unless your majesty desires it," replied Lunt. "I promised my friends to bring them back a speedy answer, and I hoped it might be favourable. It may be proper for me to state that unless we can arrive at an understanding with your majesty, the meditated attack on the Tower will be abandoned. It is only part of a plan, of which the whole must stand or fall."

"I will consult the queen before I give you a final answer, sir," said James.

"Then I have still some hopes that your majesty's decision may be favourable," remarked Lunt.

"Should it be otherwise, I fear many of

your majesty's staunchest adherents will be greatly discouraged," said Sir John Fenwick.

"I am quite sure of it, my liege," cried Captain Charnock.

"You have not yet spoken, Captain Crosby," said the king to Walter. "What is your opinion?"

"Were I called upon to vote, my liege," replied Walter, "I would vote for the removal of the usurper."

"By assassination?" demanded James, sternly.

"By any means, sire," replied Walter.

"And we would all vote with you," cried the others.

The interview then terminated.

The king's scruples were not so easily overcome as had been anticipated, and though Father Petre strove to convince him that it would be lawful to put to death

a usurper like the Prince of Orange, he did not succeed.

Nor could the queen, though she exerted her utmost influence over her royal husband, obtain his assent.

After a week's stay at Saint-Germain, Lunt departed, having failed in his mission so far as the king was concerned.

What private instructions he received from the queen and Lord Melford none knew.

XIII.

BEATRICE IS SUMMONED HOME.

MESSENGERS were constantly arriving at Saint-Germain, while others were quitting the château.

All correspondence with England had to be conducted in this way, so that letters were never sent, except on very important occasions. Beatrice had only heard once or twice from her father, who was a widower, since her arrival at the palace, but she felt no uneasiness, because she had frequently received good tidings of him from her cousin, Colonel Tyldesley.

However, her tranquillity was suddenly disturbed by the arrival of Father Johnson, who had been despatched from Myerscough to inform her that her father was dangerously ill. Father Johnson likewise brought her a letter from Colonel Tyldesley, urging her immediate return.

Though Beatrice was deeply grieved to quit the queen, to whom she was so much devoted, she could not hesitate to obey Colonel Tyldesley's injunction, nor could her majesty ask her to stay.

"I shall be truly sorry to lose you, dearest Beatrice," said the queen. "You have been an inexpressible comfort to me, but I will not attempt to detain you. However, you must promise to come back to me as soon as circumstances will permit."

"I have never been so happy in my life as with your majesty at Saint-Germain," replied Beatrice. "I hope I may be able

to return, and at no distant date. My cousin, Colonel Tyldesley, does not mention the nature of my dear father's illness; but Father Johnson says it is a rapid decline, and fears he cannot last long. Truly do I hope that I may find him alive."

"How long has Father Johnson been on the journey?" inquired the queen.

"More than a week, though he used the utmost despatch," replied Beatrice. "He will take me back, and I shall likewise have Walter Crosby as an escort. We shall embark at Dieppe, where a small vessel has been hired, which will convey us to the English coast."

"Nothing can be better than the arrangement," said the queen, "and I trust you will escape all danger. You must now take leave of his majesty, and bid adieu to the prince. I don't know what the latter will do without you."

Beatrice could scarcely restrain her tears at the thought, but it was not necessary to go in quest of the prince, for his highness entered the queen's apartment almost at the very moment when allusion was made to him.

He immediately ran to Beatrice, and seizing her hand, exclaimed, "Captain Crosby has just told me you are going to leave Saint-Germain. I hope it isn't true —though I fear it is."

"Alas! prince, you have heard the truth," she replied. "Be assured I wouldn't leave you if I could help it. My dear father is very ill, and I must go to him."

"I am very sorry to hear it," he replied, in accents of sincere sympathy. "But I hope you will soon come back. We shall miss you sadly."

"I have just told her so," said the queen.

"If you stay long, we may meet at Whitehall," said the prince. "Mr. Lunt told me the king would soon be there."

"I hope Mr. Lunt spoke the truth," said Beatrice.

"Here comes his majesty to bid you farewell," said the queen, as James entered, attended by Walter Crosby and Father Johnson.

"I am much concerned to hear that we are about to lose you," said the king. "When do you set out on your journey?"

"As soon as possible, sire," she replied. "I myself shall be ready in an hour."

"Then all shall be ready for you," rejoined the king. "I have ordered horses and attendants."

"Oh, sire, you are too kind!" she exclaimed.

"Captain Crosby believes you will reach

Rouen to-night," remarked the king. "I scarcely think it possible, but you can make the attempt."

"She is a good horsewoman, and will succeed, sire," said Walter.

"I entertain the same opinion, sire," said Father Johnson.

"Well, you can but try," said James. "I will go with you to Mantes."

"You, sire!" exclaimed Beatrice. "I did not expect such an honour."

"It is a fine day, and I shall enjoy the ride," observed James.

"Let me go with you, sire!" cried the prince.

"No, no!" exclaimed the king. "The distance is too great for you, and we shall ride fast."

The prince looked greatly disappointed, but the king remained firm.

In less than an hour all was ready.

Having taken leave of the queen, Beatrice prepared for the journey, and put on a riding-dress. All the change of attire she took with her was contained in a valise which could be carried by a servant.

By the king's orders excellent horses were provided for her and her companions, and half a dozen well mounted attendants were bidden to accompany her to Dieppe. James only took a couple of servants with him, and conversed almost exclusively with Father Johnson as he rode along.

As Beatrice looked back at the château in which she had been so happy, and thought of the kindness she had experienced from the queen, she could not control her emotion, and had nearly reached Mantes before she had entirely regained her composure.

While bidding her a kindly adieu, James

expressed a hope that she might find her father still living, and charged her with a gracious message to Colonel Tyldesley.

His majesty then rode back to Saint-Germain, while Beatrice and her escort proceeded on their way to Rouen, where they arrived about an hour before midnight.

As the moon shone brightly at the time, the towers and picturesque habitations of this fine old town, with the noble river flowing through it, were seen to the greatest advantage.

The travellers put up at a large hostel in the market-place, not far from the cathedral, and Beatrice, being greatly fatigued by her long ride, immediately retired to rest.

Next morning, at an early hour, the travellers attended matins in the magnificent Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, and

Beatrice offered prayers for her father in the Lady Chapel behind the high altar.

But slight hopes had been given her that she would find him alive, and she endeavoured to prepare for the worst.

Had her mind been free from anxiety, nothing would have delighted Beatrice so much as to visit the magnificent churches of Saint Ouen and Saint Maclou; but she was too much depressed to take any interest in their beauties, and her sole desire was to continue her journey. However, she could not help gazing at the Hotel de Bourgtheronde, the Convent of St. Amand, and some of the old Gothic fountains that adorn the town, as she passed them.

It was still early when the party commenced their ride to Dieppe, and as Beatrice looked back from the heights on the beatiful old town they had just quitted, she could not repress a sigh.

The country they were now passing through contrasted strongly with the charming district watered by the Seine, but it suited Beatrice just as well, and her sole desire seemed to reach her destination speedily.

As they came within a couple of leagues of Dieppe, they overtook a company of galley-slaves.

Most miserable objects they looked; being wretchedly clothed, bare-headed, marching with bare feet, and wearing heavy chains round their necks.

Walter thought he recognised one of the men, and was told by the exempt of the mounted guard who accompanied them that it was Vandaalen, the Dutchman, who had attempted to stab King James.

"I thought I could not be mistaken," said Walter.

Seeing they were talking about him, Vandaalen called out to Walter :

"King James promised me a pardon, and this is the way he keeps his royal word!"

"Peace!" shouted the exempt, "or I will have thee flogged!" And he added to Walter, "I am taking them to Dieppe, where there are three of his majesty's galleys."

The party then rode on, and leaving the beautiful Château d'Arques on the right, and following the river, soon arrived at the harbour, then protected by a castle, situated on a high cliff on the west of the port.

XIV.

DIEPPE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

At the precise date of our story Dieppe was a very prosperous little seaport, but its habitations were built entirely of wood, and its streets extremely narrow, and these circumstances contributed to its destruction shortly afterwards, as we shall explain.

Scarcely two months later, in the same year, after the unsuccessful siege of Brest, so well defended by Vauban, Admiral Russell and Sir George Berkely sailed to the coast of Normandy, and resolved to bombard Dieppe.

The inhabitants made the best preparations they could to resist the attack, and stopped up the entrance to the harbour with vessels filled with stones. But this was of little avail.

Throwing bombs and shells into the town, the English admirals soon set it on fire in all directions, and burnt it to the ground. Nothing was left but the castle, and a few small houses near Fort Paulet.

When our travellers arrived at Dieppe there were several large vessels in the harbour, and amongst them could be discerned the three galleys mentioned by the exempt.

Very ugly, strangely-shaped craft they were, about a hundred and fifty feet long and fifty broad, with enormous oars projecting from the sides.

Rising about a foot in the centre, the deck sloped down so that the water could

run off, for the galley, when loaded, swam very deep.

Without entering into a more particular description of these horrible floating prisons, we may mention that each galley had fifty benches, or twenty-five on either side, to which the slaves were chained, each having the management of an oar fifty feet long, and furnished with a handle, on account of its great thickness.

Such was the dreadful servitude to which the wretched Vandaalen was condemned, and he was liable to be flogged to death by the captain for the slightest neglect of duty.

Beatrice's anxiety was somewhat allayed when she learnt that the little bark which Father Johnson expected to find was waiting in the harbour.

The captain said he should be able to sail in about three hours, when it would

be high water, and he agreed to take them to Shoreham, Seaford, or some place on the Sussex coast.

On learning this, Beatrice immediately dismounted, and went with Father Johnson to the old church of Saint Jacques, and prayed for her father at the chapel of Saint Yves. As she knelt there, a feeling came over her that her father was no more.

Her devotions finished, she went on board the bark, when the captain's wife—a very decent, middle-aged woman—came to her and took her to the chief cabin, remaining with her during the voyage.

The servants sent by King James put up at an inn, as they wished to give their horses a good rest, and did not mean to leave Dieppe till next day.

Having an hour or two to spare, Walter employed the time in surveying the town, and was greatly pleased by its quaint old

wooden houses, little dreaming that they were so soon to be destroyed by his countrymen, and their occupants deprived of their living.

As he returned from this survey, he saw the company of galley-slaves enter the town, and was surprised at the treatment they experienced from the *bons Dieppois.*

Instead of meeting with sympathy, the poor wretches were received with execrations, and were perhaps glad to take refuge in their prison.

Walter was invited by the exempt to see them enter the hold, and take their seats, but he declined, and went on to the bark.

The crew of the Sainte Lucie—for so the bark was named—consisted of three men and a boy, but they were quite sufficient to manage the little vessel; and the captain, Pierre Chabot, was very active and intelligent.

All was ready at the appointed time, and the little vessel being towed out of the harbour, spread her sails to a favourable breeze, and soon disappeared.

No enemy was encountered during the daytime, and a sail was only now and then seen in the distance; but at night they were chased by an English brig, which fired three or four shots at them, but without effect, and they contrived to escape in the gloom.

In other respects they had a very good passage, and arrived off Newhaven before daybreak next morning.

After a little delay they were taken ashore in a fishing-boat.

End of Book the First.

Book the Second.

KENSINGTON PALACE.

I.

BEATRICE RETURNS TO MYERSCOUGH LODGE.

At this time, all Jacobites and Papists landing secretly, if caught in the attempt, were detained and sent to prison; and such would have been the case with the party who had just come ashore at Newhaven if they had not contrived to elude the vigilance of the coast-guard.

But both Walter Crosby and Father Johnson were experienced travellers, and knew how to proceed.

They did not move on till quite sure no

enemy was in the way. Nor would they have entered an inn without some knowledge of the landlord.

At Newhaven there was a certain Mark Wiston, whom they could trust.

Accordingly, they went to Mark's house, which was in the higher part of the town, and prevailed upon him, by the offer of a good reward, to take them in a covered cart to the house of Mr. Maxall, near Lewes.

This gentleman was a Roman Catholic and a Jacobite, and though neither Walter Crosby nor Father Johnson were personally acquainted with him, they felt sure he would receive them hospitably, and forward them on their journey.

Nor were they disappointed.

Mr. Maxall gave them a hearty welcome, and every possible attention was paid to Beatrice by his wife, who, with maternal

care, supplied her with many articles she might require during her long journey.

After breakfast the travellers were conveyed in a coach over a very wild district—part of it being forest land—to Wakehurst Place, near Ardingly—a fine old mansion belonging to Sir Nicholas Culpepper, a Papist, and strongly attached to the exiled king.

Sir Nicholas was delighted in the opportunity of serving Colonel Tyldesley's lovely cousin, being aware of the favour she enjoyed with the queen at the Court of Saint-Germain.

He therefore did everything he could to expedite Beatrice's journey to Lancashire, furnished her and her companions with horses and servants, and advised them to proceed to the residence of Mr. Ponsonby, near Guildford, by whom they would be sent on in like manner.

Sir Nicholas Culpepper's recommendation was fully justified by the result.

Mr. Ponsonby welcomed the travellers heartily, and passed them on to another friend and co-religionist in Berkshire, who, in his turn, forwarded them to Northampton.

Thence they rode to Loughborough, to Derby, to Leek, in Staffordshire, and to Macclesfield, in Cheshire — passing from house to house, and everywhere receiving the most friendly aid.

Only during a few hours of the night did they rest.

Marvellous did it seem to her companions that Beatrice should be able to undergo so much fatigue. But her spirit supported her, and bidding them not think of her, she urged them on.

On the sixth day after leaving Newhaven they reached Manchester, and put up at the

"Bull's Head," where Beatrice heard of her father's death.

It appeared he had died on the very day she had quitted Saint-Germain, and was buried in Saint John's Church, Preston.

This sad intelligence shocked her greatly. She had buoyed herself up with the hope of beholding her father again; and now that her worst fears were realised, her strength seemed suddenly to forsake her.

For a while she felt as if she could proceed no further, but at length she yielded to the kindly persuasions of Walter and Father Johnson, and resolved to make a final effort to reach Myerscough, which she doubted not would henceforward prove her home.

Having come to this determination, she strove to carry it out, and succeeded.

Though scarcely able to mount her horse on starting, she gained strength as she pro-

ceeded; and her companions, who witnessed her striking recovery, could scarcely credit the change.

She made no complaint during the journey, but seemed absorbed in melancholy thought.

The party passed that night at Preston. Beatrice's first visit was to her father's tomb, where she knelt and prayed, and shed abundance of tears; after which she felt greatly relieved.

Early next morning she repaired to the same spot, and found a like solace for her grief.

With a somewhat lightened heart she now set forth to Myerscough, attended only by Walter, Father Johnson having gone on first to announce her return to Colonel Tyldesley.

She was silent during the first part of the ride, but as they proceeded she began

to converse with Walter with less painful restraint than she had manifested since quitting Saint-Germain.

"I feel I have behaved very badly to you, dear Walter, in allowing my affliction to engross me so completely," she said. "Pray forgive me."

"I have felt very deeply for you, dearest Beatrice!" he replied; "and if I have not attempted to console you, it has been because I felt utterly unable to do so. From what I had heard I felt almost certain you would never behold your father again, but I could not tell you so."

"Thank you sincerely for your consideration," she rejoined. "Had I believed I should arrive too late, I might never have come at all, and that would have been a failure of duty for which I should have been deservedly blamed."

"Yes, for your own peace of mind, it is

best you should have returned, I think," he rejoined.

"Alas, Walter! I have had many forebodings of ill during our journey, though I have never mentioned them to you. I fear we cannot calculate on much happiness in future. The prospect seems very dark and lowering. Nothing but plots against the Government are going on here in Lancashire, and these must end in the destruction of all the old families."

"I do not agree with you," he rejoined. "I believe some of these plots will be successful. And what can the Jacobites and Romanists do but rise in rebellion? The persecution they have to submit to is intolerable."

"I know it—I feel it," she cried. "At the same time, I fear the rebellion will be fatal to us, to our cause, to our religion.

The Protestant party is the strongest, and must triumph. During our long, long journey I have thought the matter well over, and can come to no other conclusion. Despite all our efforts, I fear our good King James will never regain the throne, and I am almost equally certain our religion will never be restored."

"I do not think you need despair of either," said Walter. "In my opinion, King James's restoration will take place before many months, and then all the rest will follow."

"Heaven grant it may be so!" exclaimed Beatrice, fervently. "But I dare scarcely indulge the hope. How it would rejoice me to behold the queen again! Already it seems as if I had been long separated from her and the dear young prince."

"Well, you can go back again to Saint-

Germain, if you are so minded," observed Walter. "I am sure her majesty will be delighted to receive you."

"Perhaps I may go back," she rejoined. "We shall see."

By this time they had come in sight of Myerscough Lodge, which could be descried through an opening in the park, and Beatrice stopped to gaze at it.

Whether owing to her absence, or to the beauty of the weather, she thought the place had never looked so lovely.

The fine old mansion seemed to smile upon her, and welcome her back, and this idea, though originating in herself, gave her inexpressible comfort.

"How peaceful the house looks!" she exclaimed. "One would think that he who dwells there must be happy. And yet I fear my cousin is not so."

"He deserves to be," said Walter. "There

breathes not a better or kinder-hearted man than Colonel Tyldesley."

"Very true," she replied; "but he is so mixed up with these Jacobite plots that he can have no peace—no security. He may be compelled to fly from his home at any moment, or be carried from it a captive. My fear," she added, with a shudder, "is that he may die on the scaffold."

"If he should, he will die in a good cause," said Walter. "But I trust a better fate is reserved for him."

At the park gates, which were thrown wide open, stood Hornby.

With a countenance beaming with delight, the good steward welcomed Beatrice back to the old hall.

"How glad I am to behold you again, my dear young lady!" he cried, in accents that proclaimed his sincerity. "All the

servants have missed you—myself most of all—and the colonel has not been like himself without you."

The steward next offered her some respectful condolences on the death of her father; but finding her painfully affected, he desisted, and turned to Walter.

Colonel Tyldesley was waiting for her in front of the house, and as soon as she saw him, she hurried forward, and, calling a groom who stood near, instantly dismounted, and, flying towards him, was clasped to his heart.

Though she had anticipated this meeting, and fancied herself equal to it, she was so much overcome, that, on entering the house, she had to be immediately conducted by a female servant to the room she had always hitherto regarded as her own.

In a short time, however, she reappeared, having quite recovered her composure.

Meanwhile, Walter had been cordially welcomed by the colonel, who really liked him, and was rejoiced to behold him again.

Father Johnson now made his appearance, and, at Beatrice's express request, accompanied her to the chapel, and performed a short service, at which Colonel Tyldesley and Walter likewise assisted.

II.

WALTER URGES COLONEL TYLDESLEY TO PREPARE FOR DEFENCE.

It soon became apparent that Beatrice had greatly overtaxed her strength by her rapid journey.

Not long after her arrival at Myerscough Lodge, she complained of exhaustion, and by the advice of Colonel Tyldesley retired to her own chamber, and did not appear again that day.

On the morrow she was worse, and before night had become dangerously ill.

Since medical advice could not be procured nearer than Lancaster, Walter Crosby rode thither, and brought back with him Doctor Davenport—a physician in whom Colonel Tyldesley had the greatest confidence, and who had attended his own wife in her last illness.

On seeing the young lady, Doctor Davenport said she was suffering from prostration brought on by excessive fatigue, and that if the system were not stimulated she must infallibly sink. Having heard the case described by Walter, he had brought with him a cordial, which he believed would effect a cure.

Colonel Tyldesley was very anxious that the remedy should be tried, and the doctor therefore remained at Myerscough for the night, administered a few drops of the cordial at intervals, and by the middle of next day was able to pronounce his patient

out of danger. If kept quiet, he added, her speedy recovery was certain.

A most anxious night had been passed both by Colonel Tyldesley and Walter Crosby, and their relief was proportionate when they learnt that Beatrice was better.

But, though the crisis was past, she was still very weak, and did not leave her room for several days, during which she saw no one except the female attendant who acted as her nurse, the good physician who had preserved her life, and Father Johnson, who prayed beside her couch.

But other anxieties pressed upon Colonel Tyldesley. As an avowed partisan of the exiled king, and a Papist, the colonel was peculiarly obnoxious to the Government, and on the passing of the Indemnity Act in 1690, he, together with his friends Colonel Molyneux and Colonel Townley,

were expressly excepted from its provisions, and treated as recusants.

Nor must it be forgotten that a statute had recently been enacted, authorising any two justices to warrant the search for and seizure of all arms and ammunition in the house or possession of any Papist, and of any horse above the value of five pounds, for the use of the king.

The colonel, therefore, was always in a perilous position, but warnings had been just given him by some of his friends that an extensive and dangerous Jacobite plot had been discovered, in which he was thought to be implicated, and it was feared that a warrant would be issued by the Privy Council for his arrest. All possible precautions ought, therefore, to be taken.

Colonel Tyldesley had received similar warnings before, and had almost began to

disregard them; but there was something in these that alarmed him, and Walter was of opinion that the counsel ought not to be neglected.

On thinking the matter carefully over, Walter came to the conclusion that the plot referred to must be the seizure of the Tower, proposed by Lunt to King James at Saint-Germain; but how its discovery had occurred so soon he could not understand, unless the design had been betrayed by its contriver.

As we have already intimated, Walter had long doubted Lunt's good faith, but having no proof to produce, he did not like to charge him with treachery. But now his previous suspicions seemed confirmed.

Lunt had been allowed a long interview with the king and Lord Melford, during

which the plot had been discussed, and had departed with papers most probably sufficient to corroborate any statement he might make.

Almost immediately after his return to London, it was rumoured that a great Jacobite conspiracy had been discovered—a report which was unquestionably the forerunner of many important arrests, and in Walter's mind there was no doubt that Lunt himself had revealed the plot.

The inducement to such a step was the reward offered by Government, large sums being paid to approvers out of the estates of those convicted on their evidence of treasonable practices. Hence the wealthiest of the Jacobite gentlemen were generally selected for spoliation.

The approvers were aided in their infamous schemes by no less a person than

Aaron Smith, Solicitor to the Treasury, who had been deeply engaged in the Rye House Plot.

Aaron Smith received them at his office, and, after counselling them how to act, placed them in the hands of his clerk, Cullenford, who gave them any further instructions they needed.

If Lunt was acting by the advice of these persons, as seemed probable, Colonel Tyldesley was indeed in great danger, since it was probable the rascal would turn approver. Besides, if a warrant were issued, he knew quite sufficient of Myerscough to make an attack upon the place almost certain of success, even if every defensive precaution should be taken, and as it was thought that the colonel's valuables were hidden, and his plate buried, a most careful search would inevitably be made for them, and, if found, they would be carried off.

His large collection of arms would be seized, and so would his horses.

Walter did not mention the full extent of his suspicions to Colonel Tyldesley, but on the receipt of the warnings alluded to, he determined to put him on his guard.

They were seated together in the great hall, when he thus addressed him:

"These warnings must not be neglected, Colonel. You have no leniency to expect from a Government that has proscribed you. Should a warrant be issued for your apprehension, how will you act? Will you allow yourself to be arrested?"

"Undoubtedly not," replied the other.

"Then you must prepare for defence, or fly!"

"What defence can I make?" said the colonel, gloomily. "I might resist an attack. But next day a greater force would be brought against me, and I must yield.

Myerscough is not a stronghold like Lathom, and I have no men."

"True," replied Walter. "But you must not submit."

"What am I to do? I fear I shall be obliged to quit the country, and seek refuge in France."

"I trust not," rejoined Walter. "Hold out as well as you can, and trust to chance for deliverance. Something unforeseen may occur. William of Orange may be killed. An insurrection or an invasion may take place. Then the aspect of affairs would be changed in a moment."

"We have been so often disappointed in our expectations of a rising, that I have lost all hope of it," rejoined the colonel; "and as to an invasion, I fear none will take place."

"All is possible," said Walter. "But

you must avoid imprisonment, or nothing can be done."

Just then, Father Johnson entered the hall, and the question being put to him, he expressed his belief that the plot just discovered had been revealed by Lunt, and that a visit of the informer to Myerscough was imminent.

"That he will come here I feel certain, for several reasons," remarked the priest; "the chief of them being his acquaintance with the numerous hiding-places in the house, and his knowledge of what may be obtained by a search. When he first came here, I unfortunately trusted him, believing him faithful, and I now blame myself greatly for my imprudence. But if he comes again with a second warrant, he must find no money, no valuables, no plate."

"He shall not," replied the colonel. "They shall be removed."

"Nor must he find arms or horses."

"He shall not," was the reply.

"Above all, he must not find you, colonel, or you will be lodged in Lancaster Castle."

"I cannot leave the house."

"Perhaps that is not necessary," rejoined Father Johnson; "though you would be safer at Saint-Germain. But the other precautionary measures should be promptly taken. Hide your plate and valuables in some safer place, and send away your horses."

"I will do as you direct good father," replied the colonel.

But he presently changed his mind, in consequence of a consultation which he had with Hornby.

The steward thought it would be best not to disturb the plate, or any of the other valuables.

"Take my advice, colonel, and leave them where they are," he said. "By removing them you will only run fresh risks, and add nothing to your security. Should the expected search take place, I doubt not we shall be able to baffle it; and, at all events, we will never allow the robbers to carry off the plunder. For very much the same reason, I recommend you not to part with your horses. Keep them in the stables. You may want them, and would then regret their loss."

"You are right, Hornby," said the colonel. "Your notions chime with my own. I may find the plate and other valuables useful on an emergency, for I know from experience that searchers can

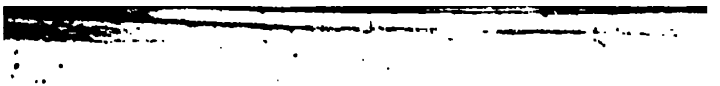
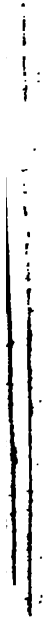
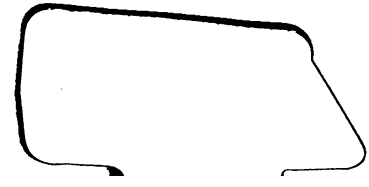
be bribed; and as to the horses, they are fleeter than those of the Dutch dragoons, and may enable me to escape."

"That is exactly what I feel, colonel. If you will allow me I will make every preparation necessary for the anticipated visit. The searchers shall have a warm reception; and should Mr. Lunt come with them, we will pay him the greatest attention."

The conversation then ceased, and the steward retired.

But it would seem that the alarm was greater than the actual danger warranted.

All remained quiet; and as no arrests were made in this part of the country, the colonel began to hope the storm might blow over.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, DUKE STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.